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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE PARTIES AT SEA.

THE statements from Washington show how entirely the great parties have ceased to represent differences of opinion upon the most important questions before the country. There are two subjects of universal interest at the moment—the question of silver and that of civil service reform. Now if there be any man in the Union who has proved his fidelity to the cause of reform, it is Mr. D. B. EATON. He is as unquestionably and conspicuously a civil service reformer as Mr. BLAND is a silver man or Mr. HOAR a protectionist. If, therefore, civil service reform be the policy of the Republican party, Mr. EATON is as sound a Republican as CHARLES SUMNER when the restriction of slavery was its policy. And if Mr. EATON be not a good Republican, civil service reform is not the party policy. Moreover, Mr. EATON has been a Republican always, from the days of slavery restriction to those of reform. He was a Republican when Mr. LOGAN, who is reported as objecting, upon party grounds, to his confirmation, was a pro-slavery Democrat; and in a recent speech Mr. EATON not only re-affirmed his Republicanism, but declared it to be the duty of Republicans to refuse to support unfit nominations. Opposition to the confirmation of such a man, for the alleged reason that he is not a Republican, shows not only the party demoralization, but that the party does not practically hold civil service reform to be its distinctive policy.

As for the silver question, which is another of the chief issues, the Republican, like the Democratic party, holds no party position. The general sentiment of New England, New York, and New Jersey, at least, is unmistakable, and Republican opinion in this part of the country is practically unanimous upon the subject. Nevertheless, Mr. EVARTS, the most recently elected Republican Senator from this section, whose law office is in Wall Street, and who is supposed to be cognizant of the sentiment of that neighborhood, is understood not to be in accord with the opinion of his community and of his party upon the silver question. Is Mr. EVARTS, who vouches for Mr. EATON'S Republicanism, in need of a voucher for his own? The editor of the *World* is a member of Congress, and a late letter in that paper, published, of course, upon the responsibility of the editor, says that there is probably not a Republican Representative or Senator from Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Nevada, Oregon, or California who is not a silver man, and that there is no reasonable doubt that about one-third of the Republican members and at least two-thirds of the Democratic members would vote against suspension of silver coinage.

Upon these two prominent questions there is apparently no agreement of opinion, and therefore no distinctive policy in either party. To be a Republican or a Democrat does not mean to be for or against civil service reform or for or against silver. If a stranger should ask what is to-day the line of separation between the two great parties, the only correct answer would be that their traditions differ, and that generally they are strong in different parts of the country, but that a man may take either side of the chief issues of the hour, and call himself either a Republican or a Democrat as he prefers.

DAKOTA.

THE Territory of Dakota has long asked for division and for the admission of South Dakota as a State. This is always an important demand, because the admission would at once give a scanty Territorial population the same standing in the Senate with a State like New York or Illinois. It is always also a political question, because the admission of two Senators in an evenly balanced Senate may change its party character. The Senate is now Republican, and when Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, and Senator VEST, of Missouri, strongly oppose the admission of Dakota as a State—or, as a pernicious phrase expresses it, to "Statehood"—it may be justly assumed that Messrs. BUTLER and VEST are Democrats. Territories are generally accustomed to await the passage of an enabling act by Congress before proceeding to adopt a constitution and organize a government. But this has not been always the course. Michigan, Minnesota, Tennessee, and other States organized as such, and elected Representatives in Congress before they were admitted to the Union.

The Territorial Legislature and the Conventions of both parties in Dakota have asked for admission, and a State institution has been adopted with virtual unanimity. South Dakota has a larger population than any other Territory had when admitted as a State, and no reason has been alleged for delaying the admission except that its course has been what is called "revolutionary." That is an ill-chosen word to express that it has been somewhat irregular, yet not without precedent. Revolutionary it certainly is not, for there is no intention even announced of not obeying the decision of Congress or of breaking into the Union by force. If a Territory has a reasonably adequate population, and its settlement has taken the permanent forms of American society, if it is evidently a stable community and not for some sudden and temporary reason a mere encampment of settlers, if the expression of its desire to become a State is an honest expression of free public sentiment, and the only objection really is that it is not as large as some other communities, and the division of the Territory, if it is to be divided, is the evident general desire—there is no sound objection to its admission.

It is naturally unpleasant for one party to see the strength of the other increased in either House of Congress, and its electoral vote probably enlarged. But these are not considerations which properly affect the decision. If the admission be in accordance with the general procedure in such cases, or if the Territorial action, although unusual, is not without good reason and precedent, and no harm can be shown as probably resulting either to the Union or to the proposed State from the admission, the question is really closed. Senator HARRISON, of Indiana, has brought in the bill, and unless some better reason than "revolution" can be urged against it, it ought to pass. Yet as the Democrats in the House have already defeated an enabling act for Dakota, they may defeat the admission now. It would be, however, an act of great impolicy. For party reasons the House would decide wrongly a question into which party politics can not rightfully enter, and the judgment of the country would be entered against it.

GOVERNOR HILL AND REFORM.

GOVERNOR HILL'S praises of civil service reform are of much less importance than his performances, and it is not unfair to him to say that a politician of his peculiar antecedents and a candidate of Tammany Hall for the Chief Magistracy of New York can establish his claim to be a reformer only by very unmistakable conduct. There are three recent things by which the Governor may be judged—his appointment of Mr. STERLING; the suggestion in his Message of opening the whole eligible list in order to furnish a greater range of choice; and his placing certain clerks in the office of the Secretary of State in the non-competitive list in order to allow the new Democratic Secretary to appoint Democrats at pleasure. These are all of them vigorous blows at the reformed system, and show indisputably that the Governor will weaken the law as much as practicable.

His power to do this, like that of the President under the national law, is very great. The Constitution gives the appointing power to the President, and the reform law, by making the rules derive their effect from him, makes the law the method in which he chooses to exercise the appointing power. His good faith is the measure of the value of the rules to reform. If President ARTHUR had selected Mr. BARNEY BIGLIN, Mr. JOHN J. O'BRIEN, and Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT as his Civil Service Commission, the spoils system would have been strengthened under the name of reform. But his good faith saved the work. In New York Governor CLEVELAND, honestly bent upon reform, selected a State Commission of the same sincere purpose. Mayor GRACE did the same in the city of New York, and Mayor LOW in Brooklyn. Mayor WHITNEY has asked for the resignation of the admirable and experienced Commission of his predecessor, and it can not be supposed that he has done so with a view to the interests of reform. Governor HILL has relieved the Secretary of State of the necessity of selecting certain subordinates from the eligible list. This certainly is not done in the interest of reform. Yet he has not exceeded his power, because the enforcement of the reformed system depends upon his will. It is unfortunate that the same power was given to the Governor as to the President, for their relations to the civil service of the State and the country respectively are not the same.

But the law is unmistakable. It provides that it shall be the duty of the Commission "to aid the Governor, as he may request, in preparing suitable rules for carrying this act into effect." That gives him complete authority. He may change the Commission and annul rules at his pleasure. The Commission is unjustly charged with yielding to the Governor. It has not yielded, and it can not yield, because it has no discretion. If the Governor modifies a rule so as to enlarge the range of non-competitive examinations, the Commission can not prevent it. The Commissioners, indeed, may resign. But that is a step not to be lightly taken. The State Commissioners understand the situation probably more accurately than anybody else, and when they feel that the interests of the cause require them to resign, they will do so. But the first difficulty or difference is not necessarily a sufficient reason for so important an act. The course of the Governor upon this subject will be watched by those who are not to be deceived. The reform has reached the point which was foreseen long since, where it pinches, and it will now be opposed in every plausible way, and efforts of all kinds, under all pretenses, will be made to evade and annul the law. This is the time for its friends to adhere steadily to its simple and sound principle, and to understand the source and object of the attack.

THE LESSON OF A LATE UNPLEASANTNESS.

THE harmonious settlement of the difficulty between the elevated railroad engineers in New York and the company is a fact at once encouraging and suggestive. Undoubtedly the prompt and general recognition in the press of the reasonable character of the demands of the engineers, and the equally general and emphatic condemnation of the suspension of traffic upon some of the roads, were important influences in the adjustment, and not less so were the admirably sensible and discreet counsels of Mr. ARTHUR, the head of the engineers' union, and the general good sense of the leaders. Mr. ARTHUR'S tone was neither truculent nor unintelligent, and his moderate and quiet and self-respecting conduct will do very much to promote general respect for the association which he represents. Mr. RUSKIN was ridiculed for asserting that human feeling could not be wisely excluded from the practical settlement of the questions arising from different interests in trade, and for insisting that there is no simple device, such as the axiom that demand regulates supply, which will serve to conclude at once and justly any difference that may arise between the man who employs and the man who is employed.

But the consideration not only of reason, but of actual circumstance, is indispensable to wise conclusions in such differences, and not only these considerations, but the fact that human affairs do not proceed with strict logic. Undoubtedly they follow certain laws, but among them are the laws of disorder. The variations must be allowed for always. Thus a strike may be theoretically unreasonable, but it must be settled upon other than theoretical considerations. In truth, our apprehension of the laws of society and trade is like a range of headlands upon a coast. They show plainly the general course to be taken if the ship is not to run ashore. But the seaman can not sail by the headlands alone; he must know where the hidden reefs lie, and the force of the currents. So in the practice of medicine the nature of drugs and the value of symptoms and the general course of treatment may be definitely described and learned, but experience, the instinctive knowledge how to allow for this and that, how to relax and how to strengthen the precise and proper treatment—this is the best art of the physician.

The possible strike of the elevated engineers was a

menace of great calamity to the community—a calamity of a kind possible only in a highly perfected civilization like ours—and akin to the sudden suspension of the mail or telegraph or railway service of the country. Its adjustment by force or by want of common consent would be always a misfortune, because it would be merely a postponement. But in this case the evil result was averted by frank consultation and by mutual concession. It has thus proved, not that unreasonable demands will never be made on either side, but that when a self-respecting body of citizens like the associated engineers make a quiet statement of grievances, they are not to be dismissed peremptorily as "seditious" and "grasping" and "unjustifiable," but that they deserve careful attention, and probably a careful remedy. The incident plainly shows that with a desire to be fair, and not to decide arbitrarily upon a theory, much of the trouble and ill feeling which are generated by such conflicts of interest and opinion are happily and reasonably avoidable.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

THE Presidential Succession Bill has been reported favorably in the House by the majority of the committee, and a minority report has been presented by Mr. COOPER, a Republican member from Ohio. His objections are based upon what he holds to be the vagueness of the bill. It does not state definitely whether the Secretary of State, acting as President, may appoint a new cabinet, including a Secretary of State. Nor does it provide for the emergency of the death of the elected President and Vice-President before the inauguration.

Provision for the last contingency does not seem to be difficult. In a case so unlikely to occur it could be made the duty of the incumbent of the office to retain his place provisionally, and to call for a new election. In regard to the other point, it is to be presumed that the acting President, as now, would have all the powers of an elected President, including that of selecting a cabinet. So in regard to the salary, there could be no difficulty in arranging the details. This is true of all the points that have been raised, and the Republicans will assume a very serious responsibility if they undertake to delay the settlement of this most important question.

Indeed, the only apprehension lies in the miserable game of party advantage. The question is one of the permanent and tranquil settlement of the chief executive power, yet members of Congress and the newspapers speak of Mr. BAYARD and Mr. SHERMAN as if their individual chances of possible succession were not absolutely irrelevant to the discussion. For the general welfare it is to be hoped that the bill will pass substantially as it comes from the Senate, or with only such changes for the sake of greater clearness as would be unquestionably acceptable to the Senate.

SHEER MUGWUMPERY.

WHILE Senator LOGAN was alleging that Mr. DORMAN B. EATON was not a Republican, but a Mugwump, Mr. STEBBINS, the retiring treasurer of the Massachusetts Republican State Committee, was accused of the same crime, and replied:

"I supported Mayor O'BRIEN because it was for the best interests of the city of Boston, and because the Republican party in the local campaign had made an alliance with thugs, thieves, and scoundrels of the worst kind. That alliance was made for corrupt purposes. And furthermore, we learned that lesson three years ago in the campaign against General BUTLER, when $8000 was raised to buy votes for the Republican ticket in Boston. The money was expended, and I do not believe that it secured a vote. I felt then very strongly that it was a mistake on the part of the Republican State Committee to have anything to do with such a scheme. I refused to have the money go through my hands for disbursement in an irregular manner."

If to be a sound and unquestionable Republican it is necessary to wink at such business as this, and to support the candidates whom such influences nominate, the Senator will have to be very diligent if he means to ostracize all the Republican Mugwumps.

THE MORMON BILL.

THE Mormon Bill has passed the Senate by a very decisive vote—38 yeas to 7 nays. The nays included two Republicans, Senators HOAR and BLAIR. Senator HOAR explained that he voted against the bill simply because of the disfranchisement of all women in the Territory, and that he approved all its other features. He added that if his vote would have affected the passage of the bill, it would have placed upon him and the majority a responsibility which he did not feel now rested upon him. The provisions of the bill for the suppression and punishment of the crime of polygamy can hardly fail, if properly enforced, to succeed in their object. But the provision which intrusts the management of the property of the Church organization to trustees appointed by the government, on the general ground that it aids and shields polygamy, is extraordinary legislation. All information upon the subject is now timely and valuable, and we find some interesting facts in a letter of Captain JOHN CODMAN to the *Christian Register*. Captain CODMAN has business relations with both Mormons and Gentiles in Utah, and has a familiar personal knowledge of the situation.

He says that polygamy is no longer practiced *ab initio*, and that the late prosecutions have been directed against its continuance. JOHN TAYLOR, the head of the Church of Utah, he describes as a fanatic under the control of CANNON, the proprietor of the *Deseret News*, and he adds that CANNON is solely responsible for whatever may remain of polygamy in the Territory. There are, according to Captain CODMAN, about 152,000 inhabitants in Utah, nearly equally divided between the sexes, but with a slight preponderance of males. Of this number 140,000 are Mormons and 12,000 Gentiles, and of the 140,000 not more than 3000 men are polygamists, and they are old. Young Mormons, as a rule, are not polygamists, for several reasons: they have seen the evil domestic consequences; the general condemnation produces a sense of shame; the penalty is very severe; and conviction, entailing disfranchisement, is certain. Thus, says Captain CODMAN, "it is a trial too severe and a luxury too expensive." Therefore TAYLOR and CANNON can not drive the young men into polygamy. They do not expect to do so, and merely counsel a sullen resistance of theory. Is it probable, asks Captain CODMAN, that with a wise policy upon the part of the government, the great body of Mormons will resist the admission of Utah to the Union, and the peace and good order of the Territory, merely to sustain "three thousand decrepit old polygamists" in opposing the decision of the Supreme Court?

Captain CODMAN says, further, that the leading men of the twelve thousand minority neither fear polygamy nor care for it in any way, except to use it as a means of appropriating to what is called "the Gentile Ring" the government of the Territory. Captain CODMAN repeats what he has often said, that all reports of Mormon disloyalty in any other respect but this are unqualifiedly false and malicious. This strong statement is opposed by that of Mr. JOSEPH NIMMO, who has also observed the subject upon the spot, and who thinks that the case requires even more heroic treatment than that of Senator EDMUNDS's bill; while Senator MORGAN, of Alabama, the chief opponent of the bill in the Senate, so strongly desires to reach the same end more completely that he thinks the EDMUNDS bill really makes the government the upholder of Mormonism, which he would sweep away. The question is one of the greatest importance. It would be simple enough if it dealt only with the suppression of crime upon a great scale and in an organized form. But it deals also with religious opinions, and its happy solution demands wisdom and care.

THE VETERANS AND THE LAW.

THE following passage from the report of the Massachusetts Civil Service Commissioners confirms what we recently said in regard to proposed modifications of the New York law, and deserves the careful consideration of veterans who also favor the reform:

"The proposition that veterans who secure the minimum number of marks for eligibility shall be certified in preference to those who secure the highest marking is as much at variance with the principle upon which the system rests as the proposition that veterans may be appointed without examination. It is hardly consistent to provide for open competitive examinations, and then give to a certain class of persons taking part in that examination the right to certification for appointment without regard to their standing on the eligible list. Those who did not belong to the favored class would have little inducement to present themselves for an examination in which their merits were to be only partially considered. In reporting the national Civil Service Act the Senate committee stated that the object of the reform was to 'enable appointments to be won in open competitions by the most worthy.' Any deviation from the rule for the selection of the fittest is calculated to impair the efficient administration of the service."

ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE was a great French sculptor who was at one period of his life so unknown that he carried his little bronzes from door to door in a basket, and peddled them away with patient good-nature, much as some of our Italian fellow-citizens do the wondrous things in plaster that they poise upon their heads. MILLET, ROUSSEAU, DIAZ, and other great artists went during their lives relatively unknown of their times, and it has been characteristic of the most deeply spiritual and highly idealized of such art work that has been done in this century that it has gained recognition tardily and with difficulty. The impression that is the most obvious is often the most fleeting, and a MEISSONIER, for all his vogue and fame, may outlive his own reputation.

It is a very singular thing that some of these great artists of France should have found their earliest appreciation, as well as their widest ultimate fame, in America. Among the first to know and esteem JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET were QUINCY SHAW and WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT, of Boston. The first fair sum that MILLET received for a canvas came from the former, and two-thirds of all his work have passed into the hands of Americans. Mr. WILLIAM T. WALTERS, of Baltimore, "discovered" LEON BONVIN, whose pathetic story, printed in HARPER'S MAGAZINE in December, revealed that artist to his own countrymen. Known until then only to a few amateurs, artists, and critics, the paper in the American magazine was a complete revelation of a noble genius that had succumbed to intolerable vicissitudes. Paris for the first time read the artist's humble and touching history as narrated by his faithful and sympathetic admirer M. PHILIPPE BURTY, and saw through the medium of American wood-engravings the reproduction of his exquisite pictures. So deep was the interest excited in the art world of Paris by the story of BONVIN that it is now being reprinted in an independent French edition.

But to return to BARYE. It was at the instance of the American just mentioned that he himself, then in his seventy-fifth year, made the admirable collection of his works which is now in the CORCORAN gallery at Washington, and which is the largest and completest that exists. It was also with his aid, together with that of his widow, that Mr. WALTERS's own collection attained its unique and unequalled character; and it was Mr. WALTERS who presented to the city of Baltimore the wonderful replicas of the four groups from the pavilions of Richelieu and Denon of the Louvre and the great lion of the Tuileries.

The publication in October last in HARPER'S MAGAZINE of an article on BARYE, by THEODORE CHILD, illustrated with engravings of the most celebrated of his works in the WALTERS collection at Baltimore, has served to create in Paris a remarkable discussion of the whole subject of his life and achievements, and it would appear as if a prophet who was indifferently honored in his own country would now, by reason of the esteem of him manifested elsewhere, have tardy but magnificent justice done to his memory.

Among others who have entered with enthusiasm into the matter is M. JOURDE, the distinguished and spirited editor of the *Siècle*, who proposes that there shall be a monument erected to BARYE by public subscription, and that an exhibition shall be held of his works similar to the remarkably successful exhibition recently held of the works of DELACROIX, and of which M. JOURDE was the active and triumphant promoter. The project will probably be carried out, and will doubtless attain its end, and BARYE will owe his monument and his justly illumined fame to an American lover of the fine arts and to the good taste and sagacity of an American magazine.

PERSONAL.

WHO says that artists have no talent for business? The Artists' Fund Society, a life-insurance organization on the mutual plan, has been paying a dividend to its members of $25,000, out of which Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, Mr. W. J. HENNESSEY, Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS, and several others who have been members for twenty-five years, received more than $600 apiece, while Mr. HOMER MARTIN, a member of twenty years' standing, got about $480. There are now sixty-four members of the society, and their lives are insured for $4000 each. The next annual sale of their pictures will be held at Association Hall on the 15th of February.

—If the Crown Princess of Germany, who recently invited Mrs. HENRY VILLARD to act as bar-maid at a large fair held for the benefit of a charitable society in Germany, had been acquainted with that lady's temperance principles, she would have saved herself the pain of a refusal. When living in this city, in the magnificent house at Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, Mrs. VILLARD never allowed wine on her table, except when entertaining some foreign guests, on which occasion neither she nor her children partook of it. Notwithstanding her husband's reverses, she is now in possession of that house.

—A lawyer in this city whose waistcoat pocket was recently in flames, owing to his careless habit of carrying matches loose therein, has bought for himself a match-safe in view of possible contingencies of a similar character.

—It now appears that CHARLOTTE BRONTË's father, the Rev. PATRICK BRONTË, was by no means the disagreeable and churlish person that he has had the credit of being. His reputation in this respect seems to have been due to the animosity of an "old nurse" whom he dismissed from his family, and who took her revenge in telling Mrs. GASKELL a lot of cock-and-bull stories.

—The judges of the Court of Common Pleas have requested ex-Judge CHARLES P. DALY to continue his duties as official reporter of the court. A favorite occupation for ex-judges in this State is to act as receivers by appointment of their late colleagues—a position considered to be both honorable and lucrative.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. BEARD, the humorous painter, is one of the organizers of the new Ohio Society of New York, which comprises many well-known citizens of the metropolis, and the object of which is to increase fellowship among Ohioans. He thinks, however, that such a name as "The Buckeye Club" would have been more to the point, the buckeye, as some persons do not know, being the name of the chestnut which grows so abundantly on the river bottoms of Ohio. Mr. BEARD declares that the people of that State are descendants of the aristocracy of Europe after it had been purified in New England furnaces of affliction, and that accordingly they deserve the consideration of the country at large.

—Twenty years ago Mr. HENRY BERGH, in company with Governor JOHN T. HOFFMAN, the late Mr. A. T. STEWART, and other eminent citizens, founded the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Astor Place Opera-house. The night was very stormy, and the streets were covered with six inches of slush. To-day, three-fourths of the States of the Union have similar societies, and Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and other foreign countries have followed the example, while the income of the society is about thirty thousand dollars a year, and Mr. BERGH holds in his hands wills bequeathing at least half a million dollars. He is training his nephew, HENRY BERGH, Jun., to be his successor, hoping that this young man will be able to direct affairs with the judgment, discretion, tact, and, above all, forbearance, which in his uncle's opinion are so necessary to success. Mr. BERGH wishes to employ at least fifty agents, at a salary of one thousand dollars each, in carrying out the objects of his society. He declares that from the very first he has received most encouragement from ladies, who so often are the devoted friends of animals. Mr. BERGH has never had a cent of salary from the society.

—Among the regents of the Smithsonian Institution recently re-appointed by Congress is ex-President JOHN MACLEAN, of Princeton College, now more than eighty years old, and in the possession of remarkable health. He is constantly receiving visits from his former pupils, and charming them at his home in Princeton by the fidelity of his memory and the warmth of his welcome. Few men in this country enjoy the affection of so large a number of men.

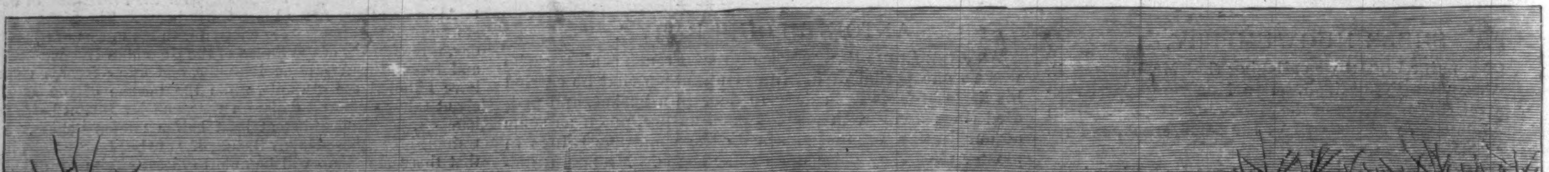
—Two ex-Chiefs of the old Volunteer Fire Department, HARRY HOWARD and JOHN DECKER, were at the recent annual ball of the veteran firemen at the Metropolitan Opera-house. Chief DECKER led the promenade with a handsome woman on his arm, but Chief HOWARD remained in his box. The insignia of the old days of hand-engines were abundant, and red coats were everywhere on the floor.

—"Mr. WILLIAM BLACK's writing and narrative," says the *Academy*, "slip along with a practiced ease which certainly no living novelist excels, if any other equals it. His American heroine in *White Heather* is decidedly better than the average of American heroines as represented both by their countrymen and others, and may be pronounced a really attractive specimen of womankind."

—Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE's new villa now erecting in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, promises to be the finest piece of architecture in the town. It is of stone and brick, the stone having a peculiar greenish tint, it was picked up loose in various places near by. Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD's house is on a bluff not far off. The Rev. Dr. HENRY M. FIELD is also a neighbor.

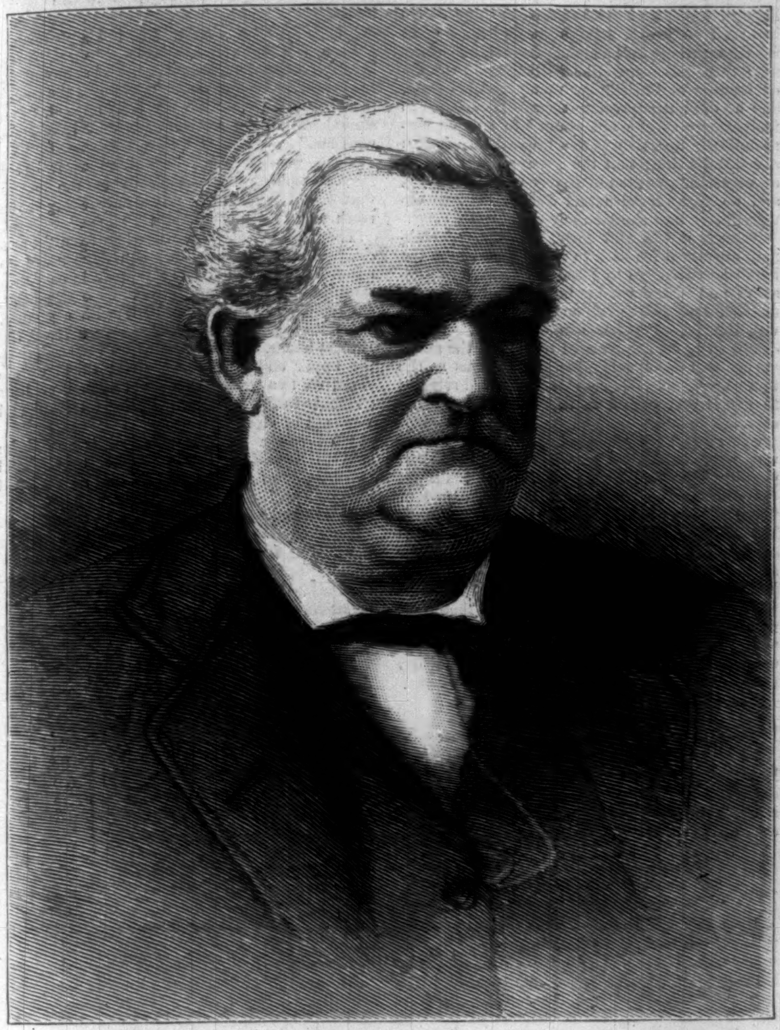
—Mr. JOHN JACOB ASTOR's gift of $25,000 to the Young Women's Christian Association, on condition that a like sum be raised by its other friends within a specified time, has already prompted the giving of at least half the amount required, and the beautiful new building of the Association, on East Fifteenth Street near Fifth Avenue, promises to become an ornament to that part of the city. It will cost $125,000, and most of the money has already been subscribed. The Association endeavors to assist all women of "character and ability," particularly by aiding them to find employment. During the year just closing it received 1486 applicants for work, and heard from 1257 employers. The number of positions actually filled was nearly twelve hundred, and the women who filled them were teachers, artists, stenographers, type-writers, copyists, clerks, companions, housekeepers, trained and invalid nurses, nursery governesses, dress-makers, and seamstresses. So grateful are many of the persons helped by the Association to become self-supporting that they have desired to be represented in the new building by furnishing bricks at twenty-five cents apiece and stones at one dollar apiece for its walls. No fees have been charged thus far, although there is some talk of doing so when the new quarters are occupied. All applicants for aid in obtaining employment are made orally to a committee of ladies, who use their influence and exertions in finding suitable places.

THE START.

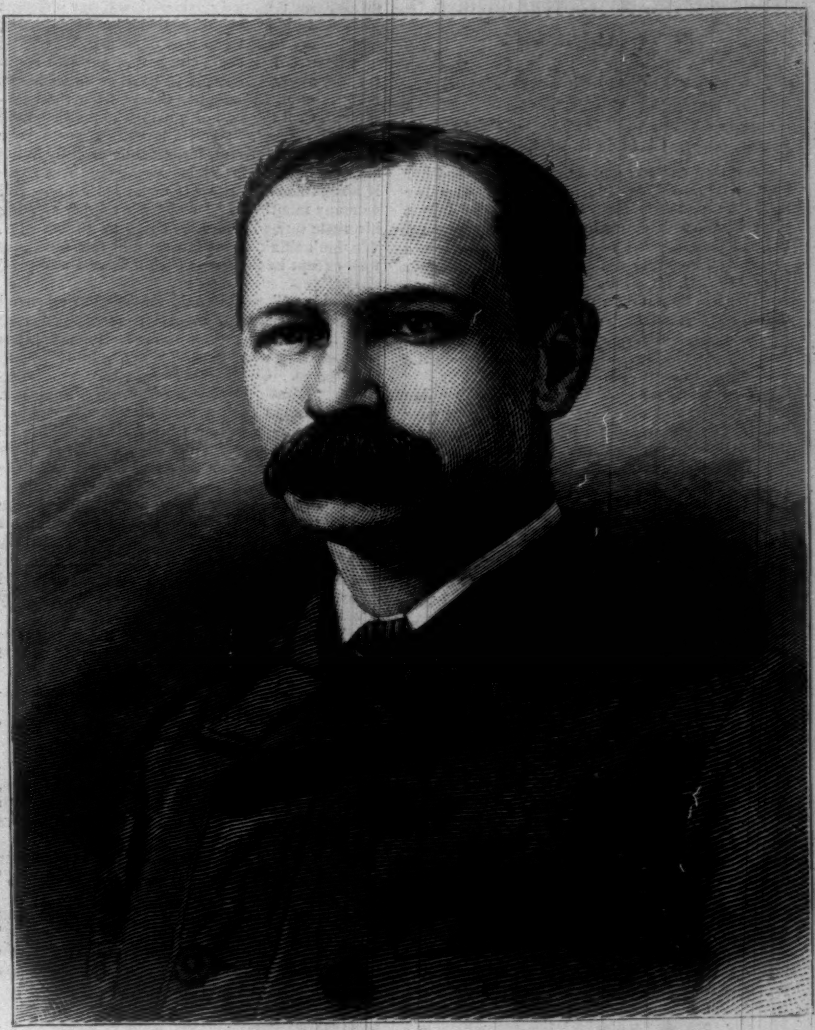


GENERAL VIEW OF THE SLIDE.

THE NEW TOBOGGAN SLIDE AT ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. M. CLARK, NEWARK.—[SEE PAGE 62.]



COLONEL EDMUND RICHARDSON.—[See Page 62.]



DANIEL S. LAMONT.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 58.]

"THE SINGER HIMSELF GREW EMOTIONAL AS HE PROCEEDED, TILL SHE COULD IMAGINE AT LAST A TEAR IN HIS EYE."—[See Serial "Mayor of Casterbridge," Page 54.]

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

Thus they parted; and Elizabeth Jane and her mother remained, each in her thoughts over her meal, the mother's face being strangely bright since Henchard's avowal of shame for a past action. The quivering of the partition to its core presently denoted that Donald Farfrae had again rung his bell, no doubt to have his supper removed; for, humming a tune and walking up and down, he seemed to be attracted by the lively bursts of conversation and melody from the general company below. He sauntered out upon the landing and descended the staircase.

When Elizabeth Jane had carried down his supper tray, and also that used by her mother and herself, she found the bustle of serving to be at its height below, as it always was at this hour. The young woman shrank from having anything to do with the ground-floor serving, and crept silently about observing the scene—so new to her, fresh from the seclusion of a sea-side cottage. In the general parlor, which was large, she remarked the four-and-twenty strong-backed chairs that stood round against the wall (each fitted with its genial occupant), the sanded floor, the black settle, which, projecting endwise from the wall within the door, permitted Elizabeth to be a spectator of all that went on, without herself being particularly seen.

The young Scotchman had just joined the guests. These, in addition to the respectable master-tradesmen occupying the seats of privilege in the bow-window and its neighborhood, included an inferior set at the unlighted end, whose seats were mere benches against the wall, and who drank from cups instead of from glasses. Among the latter she noticed some of those personages who had stood outside the windows of the Golden Crown.

Behind their backs was a small window with a wheel ventilator in one of the panes, which would suddenly start off spinning with a jingling sound, as suddenly stop, and as suddenly start again.

While thus furtively making her survey, the opening words of a song greeted her ears from behind the settle, in a melody and accent of peculiar charm. There had been some singing before she came down, and now the Scotchman had made himself so soon at home that at the request of some of the master-tradesmen he too was favoring the room with a song.

Elizabeth Jane was fond of music; she could not help pausing to listen; and the longer she listened, the more she was enraptured. She had never heard any singing like this; and it was evident that the majority of the audience had not heard such frequently, for they were attentive to a much greater degree than ordinary. They neither whispered, nor drank, nor dipped their pipe-stems in their ale to moisten them, nor pushed the mug to their neighbors. The singer himself grew emotional as he proceeded, till she could imagine at last a tear in his eye. This was something like the song that he sang:

"It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain,
As I pass through Annan Water with my bonnie bands again;
When the flower is in the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countree."

When he had concluded there was a burst of applause, and a deep silence, which was even more eloquent than the applause. It was of such a kind that the snapping of a pipe-stem too long for him by old Solomon Longways, who was one of those gathered at the shady end of the room, seemed a harsh and irreverent act. Then the ventilator in the window-pane spasmodically started off for a new spin, and the pathos of Donald's song was temporarily displaced.

"'Twas not amiss—not at all amiss!" muttered Christopher Coney, who was also present. And removing his pipe a finger's breadth from his lips, he said, aloud, "Draw on with the next verse, young gentleman, please."

"Yes, let's have it again, stranger," said the glazier, a stout, bucket-headed man, with a white apron rolled up around his waist. "Folks don't lift up their hearts like that in this part of the world." And turning aside he said, in undertones: "Who is the young man? Scotch, d'ye say?"

"Yes; straight from the mountains of Scotland, I believe," replied Coney.

Young Farfrae repeated the last verse. It was plain that nothing so pathetic had been heard at the King of Prussia for a considerable time. The difference of accent, the excitability of the singer, the intense local feeling, and the seriousness with which he worked himself up to a climax, surprised this set of worthies, who were only too prone to shut up their emotions with caustic words.

"Danged if our country down here is worth singing about like that!" continued the glazier, as the Scotchman again melodized with a dying fall "my ain countree!" "When you take away from among us the fools and the rogues, and the lammigers, and the wanton hussies and the slatterns, and such like, there's cust few left to ornament a song wi' in Casterbridge, or the country round."

"True," said Buzzford, the dealer, looking at the grain of the table. "Casterbridge is a old, hoary place o' wickedness, by all account. 'Tis recorded in history that we rebelled against the king one or two hundred years ago, in the time of the Romans, and that lots of us was hanged on Gallows Hill, and quartered, and our different jints sent about the country like butcher's-meat; and for my part, I can well believe it."

"What did ye come away from yer own country for, young maister, if ye be so wownded about it?" inquired Christopher Coney, from the background, with the tone of a man who preferred the original subject. "Faith, it wasn't worth your while on our account, for, as Maister Billy Wills says, we be bruckle folk here—the best o' us hardly honest sometimes, what with hard winters, and so many mouths to fill, and Goda'mighty sending his little taties so terrible small to fill 'em with. We don't think about flowers and fair faces, not we—except in the shape o' cauliflowers and pigs' chaps."

"But, no?" said Donald Farfrae, gazing round into their faces with earnest concern, "the best of ye hardly honest—not surely? None of ye has been stealing what didn't belong to him?"

"No, no. God forbid!" said Solomon Longways. "That's only his random way o' speaking. 'A was always such a man of under-thoughts." And reprovingly toward Christopher: "Don't ye be so overfamiliar with a gentleman that ye know nothing of, and that's travelled a'most from the north pole."

Christopher Coney was silenced, and as he could get no public sympathy he mumbled his feelings to himself: "Be dazed, if I loved my country half as well as the young feller do, I'd live by claning my neighbor's pig-sties afore I'd go away! For my part I've no more love for my country than I have for Botany Bay."

"Come," said Longways; "let the young man draw onward with his ballet, or we shall be here all night."

"That's all of it," said the singer, apologetically.

"Soul of my body, then we'll have another!" said the general dealer.

"Can you turn a strain to the ladies, sir?" inquired a fat woman with a figured purple apron, the waist-string of which was quite invisible in the crevice between the upper and lower halves of her person.

"Let him breathe—let him breathe, Mother Cuxsom. He hain't got his second wind yet," said the master-glazier.

"Oh yes, but I have!" exclaimed the young man; and he at once rendered "O Nannie" with faultless modulations, and another or two of the like sentiment, winding up at their earnest request with "Auld Lang Syne."

By this time he had completely taken possession of the hearts of the King of Prussia's inmates, including even old Coney. Notwithstanding an occasional oddity which awoke their sense of the ludicrous for the moment, they began to view him through a golden haze which the tone of his mind seemed to raise around him. Casterbridge had sentiment—Casterbridge had romance; but this stranger's sentiment was of differing quality. Or rather, perhaps, the difference was mainly superficial; he was to them like the poet of a new school who takes his contemporaries by storm; who is not really new, but is the first to articulate what all his listeners have felt, though but dumbly till then.

The silent landlord came and leaned over the settle while the young man sang; and even Mrs. Stannidge managed to unstick herself from the frame-work of her chair in the bar, and get as far as the door-post, which movement she accomplished by rolling herself round, as a cask is trundled on the chine by a drayman without losing the perpendicular.

"And are you going to bide in Casterbridge, sir?" she asked.

"Ah—no!" said the Scotchman, with melancholy fatality in his voice; "I'm only passing thirrough. I am on my way to Bristol, and thence to foreign parts."

"We be truly sorry to hear it," said Solomon Longways. "We can ill afford to lose tuneful wynd-pipes like yours when they fall among us. And verily, to mak' acquaintance with a man a-come from so far, from the land o' perpetual snow as we may say, where wolves and wild boars and other dangerous animalcules be as common as blackbirds hereabout—why, 'tis a thing we can't do every day; and there's good sound information for bide-at-homes like we when such a man opens his mouth."

"Nay, but ye mistake my country," said the young man, looking round upon them with tragic fixity, till his eye lighted up and his cheek kindled with a sudden enthusiasm to right their errors. "There are net perpetual snow and wolves at all in it, except snow in winter, and—well, a little in summer just sometimes, and a gaberlunzie or two stalking about here and there, if ye may call them dangerous. Oh, but, men, you should take a summer jarreny to Edinboro, and Arthur's Seat, and all around, and then go on to the Lochs, and all the Highland scenery, in May and June, and you would never say 'tis the land of wolves and perpetual snow!"

"Of course not; it stands to reason," said Buzzford. "'Tis barren ignorance that leads to such words. He's a simple homespun man that never was fit for good company. Think nothing of him, sir."

"And do ye carry your flock bed, and your quilt, and your crock, and your bit of chiney? or do ye go in bare bones, as I may say?" inquired Christopher Coney.

"I've sent on my luggage, though it isn't much, for the voyage is long." Donald's eyes dropped into a remote gaze as he added, "But I said to myself, 'Never a one of the prizes of life will I come by unless I undertake it;' and I decided to go."

A general sense of regret, in which Elizabeth Jane shared not least, made itself apparent in the company. As she looked at Farfrae from the back of the settle she decided that his statements showed him to be no less thoughtful than his fascinating melodies revealed him to be cordial and impassioned. She admired the serious light in which he looked at serious things. He had seen no jest in ambiguities and roguery, as the Casterbridge toss-pots had done; and rightly not: there was none. She disliked those wretched humors of Christopher Coney and his tribe, and he did not appreciate them. He seemed to feel exactly as she felt about life and its surroundings: that they were a tragical rather than a comical thing; that though one could be gay on occasion, moments of gayety were interludes, and no part of the actual drama. It was extraordinary how similar their views were.

Though it was still early, the young Scotchman expressed his wish to retire, whereupon the landlady whispered to Elizabeth Jane to run up-stairs and turn down his bed. She took a candlestick and proceeded on her mission, which was the act of a few moments only. When, candle in hand, she reached the top of the stairs on her way down again, Mr. Farfrae was at the foot coming up. She could not very well retreat; they met and passed in the turn of the staircase.

She must have appeared interesting in some way, notwithstanding her plain dress, or rather, possibly, in consequence of it, for she was a girl characterized by earnestness and soberness of mien, with which simple drapery accorded well. Her face flushed, too, at the slight awkwardness of the meeting, and she passed him with her eyes bent on the candle-flame that she carried just below her nose. Thus it happened that, when confronting her, he smiled; and then, with the manner of a temporarily light-hearted man who has started himself on a flight of song whose momentum he can not readily check, he softly sang a slightly modified version of an old ditty:

"As I came in by my bower door,
As day was waxin' wearie,
O wha came tripping down the stair
But bonnie Peg my dearie?"

Elizabeth Jane, rather disconcerted, retreated down-stairs; and the Scotchman's voice died away, humming the next verse within the closed door of his room:

"Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen o' Love did never move
Wi' motion more enchanting."

Here the scene and sentiment ended for the present. When, soon after, the girl rejoined her mother, the latter was still in thought—on quite another matter than a young man's song.

"We've made a mistake," she whispered (that the Scotchman might not overhear). "On no account ought ye to have helped serve here to-night. Not because of ourselves, but for the sake of *him*. If he should befriend us, and take us up, and then find out what you did when staying here, 'twould grieve and wound his natural pride as Mayor of the town."

Elizabeth, who would perhaps have been more alarmed at this than her mother had she known the real relationship, was not much disturbed about it as things stood. Her "he" was another man than her poor mother's. "For myself," she said, "I didn't at all mind waiting a little upon him. He's so respectable and educated—far above the rest of 'em in the inn. They thought him very simple not to know their grim, broad way of talking about themselves here. But of course he didn't know—he was too refined in his mind to know such things." Thus she earnestly pleaded.

Meanwhile the "he" of her mother was not so far away as even they thought. After leaving the King of Prussia he had sauntered up and down the empty High Street, passing and repassing the inn in his promenade. When the Scotchman sang, his voice had reached Henchard's ears through the heart-shaped holes in the window-shutters, and had led him to pause outside them a long while.

"To be sure, to be sure, how that fellow does draw me!" he had said to himself. "I suppose 'tis because I'm so lonely. I'd have given him a third share to ha' staid."

CHAPTER IX.

When Elizabeth Jane opened the hinged casement next morning the mellow air brought in the feel of imminent autumn almost as distinctly as if she had been in the remotest hamlet. Casterbridge was the complement of the rural life around; not its urban opposite. Bees and butterflies in the corn fields at the top of the town, who desired to get to the meads at the bottom, took no circuitous course, but hummed or fluttered straight down High Street, without any apparent consciousness that they were traversing strange latitudes. And in autumn airy spheres of thistle-down floated into the same street, lodged upon the shop fronts, blew into drains; and innumerable tawny and yellow leaves skimmed along the pavement, and stole through people's doorways into their passages with a hesitating scratch on the floor, like the skirts of timid visitors.

Hearing voices, one of which was close at hand, she withdrew her head, and glanced from behind the window-curtains. Mr. Henchard—now habited no longer as a great personage, but as a thriving man of business—was pausing on his way up the middle of the street, and the Scotchman was looking from the window adjoining her own. Henchard, it appeared, had gone a little way past the inn before he had noticed his acquaintance of the previous evening. He came back a few steps, Donald Farfrae opening the window wider.

"And you are off soon, I suppose?" said Henchard, upward.

"Yes, almost this moment, sir," said the other, downward. "I'll walk on, and the coach will overtake me."

"Which way?"

"The way ye are going."

"Then shall we walk together to the top o' town?"

"If ye'll wait a minute," said the Scotchman.

In a few minutes the latter emerged, bag in hand. Henchard looked at the bag as at an enemy. It showed there was no mistake about the young man's departure. "Ah, my lad," he said, "you should have been a wise man, and have staid with me."

"Yes, yes—it might have been wiser," said Donald, looking microscopically at the houses that were furthest off. "It is only telling ye the truth when I say my plans are vague."

They had by this time passed on from the precincts of the inn, and Elizabeth Jane heard no more. She saw that they continued in conversation, Henchard turning to the other occasionally, and emphasizing some remark with a gesture. Thus they passed the Golden Crown Hotel, the Market-house, the church-yard wall, ascending to the upper end of the long street till they were small as two grains of corn; when they bent suddenly to the right into the Bristol Road, and were out of view.

"He was a good man—and he's gone," she said to herself. "I was nothing to him, and there was no reason why he should have wished me good-by."

The simple thought, with its latent sense of slight, had moulded itself out of the following little fact: when the Scotchman came out at the door he had by accident glanced up at her; and then he had looked away again without nodding, or smiling, or saying a word.

"You are still thinking, mother," she said, when she turned inward.

"Yes; I am thinking of Mr. Henchard's sudden liking for that young man. He was always so. Now surely, if he takes so warmly to people who are not related to him at all, may he not take as warmly to his own kin?"

While they debated this question a procession of five large wagons went past, laden with hay up to the bedroom windows. They came in from the country, and the steaming horses had probably been travelling a great part of the night. To the shaft of each hung a little board on which was painted in white letters, "Henchard, Corn-factor and Hay-merchant." The spectacle renewed his wife's conviction that, for her daughter's sake, she should strain a point to rejoin him.

The discussion was continued during breakfast, and the end of it was that Mrs. Henchard decided, for good or for ill, to send Elizabeth Jane with a message to Henchard, to the effect that his relative Susan, a sailor's widow, was in the town, leaving it to him to say whether or not he would recognize her. What had brought her to this determination were chiefly two things. He had been described as a lonely widower, and he had expressed shame for a past transaction of his life. There was promise in both.

"If he says no," she enjoined, as Elizabeth Jane stood, bonnet on, ready to depart, "if he thinks it does not become the good position he has reached to in the town, to own—to let us call on him as—his distant kinsfolk, say, 'Then, sir, we would rather not intrude; we will leave Casterbridge as quietly as we have come, and go back to our own county'. . . . I almost feel that I would rather he did say so, as I have not seen him for so many years, and we are so—little allied to him."

"And if he says yes?" inquired the more sanguine one.

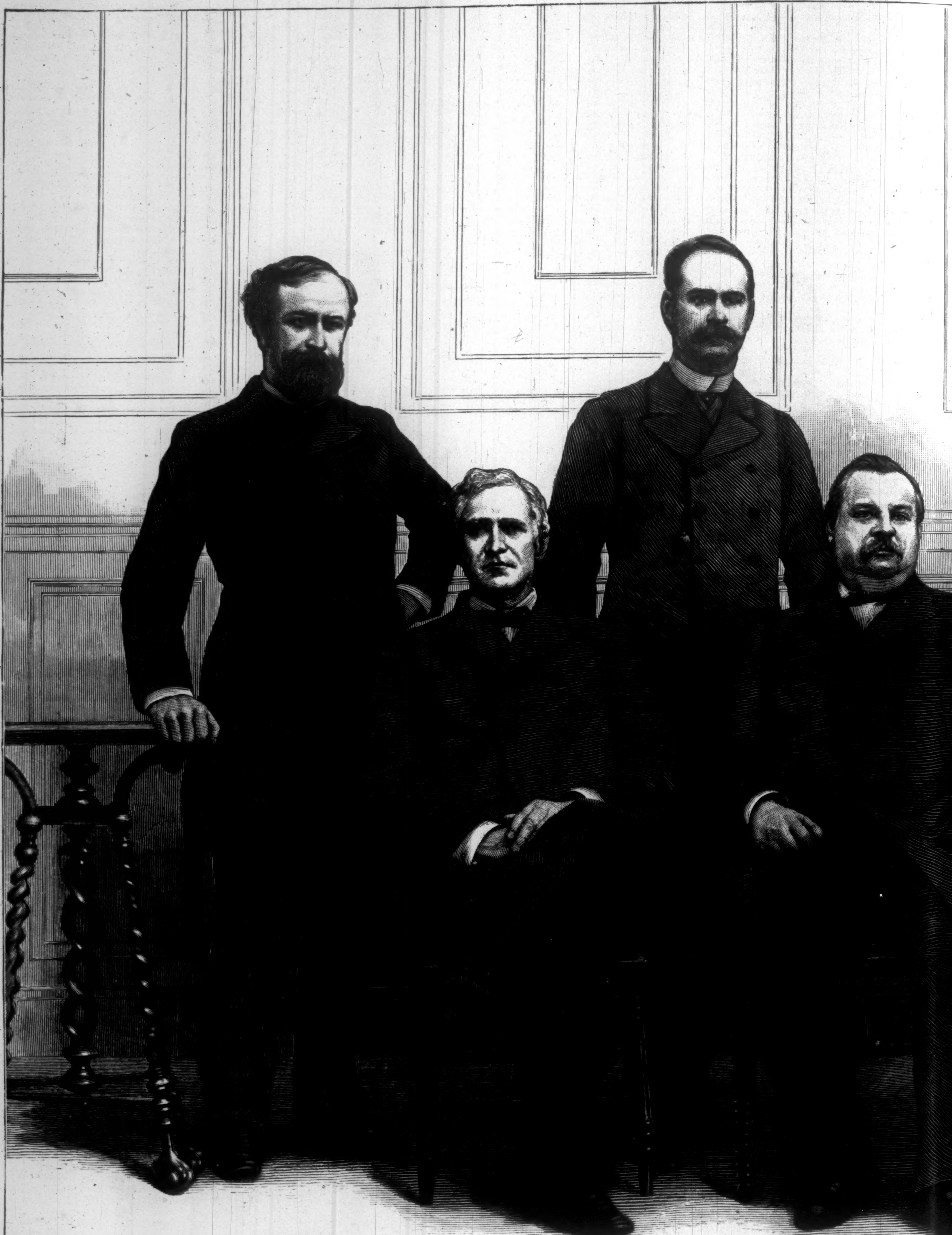
"In that case," answered Mrs. Henchard, cautiously, "ask him to write me a note, saying when and how he will see us—or *me*."

Elizabeth Jane went a few steps toward the landing. "And tell him," continued her mother, "that I fully know I have no claim upon him—that I am glad to find he is thriving; that I hope his life may be long and happy—there, go." Thus with a half-hearted willingness, a smothered reluctance, did the poor forgiving woman start her unconscious daughter on this errand.

It was about ten o'clock, and market-day, when Elizabeth paced up the High Street, in no great hurry; for she was only in the position of a poor relation deputed to hunt up a rich one. The front doors of the private houses were mostly left open at this warm autumn time, no thought of umbrella stealers disturbing the minds of the broad-faced burgesses. Hence, through the long, straight entrance passages thus unclosed could be seen, as through tunnels, the mossy gardens at the back, glowing with nasturtiums, fuchsias, scarlet geraniums, "bloody warriors," snap-dragons, and dahlias, this floral blaze being backed by crusted gray stone-work remaining from a yet remoter Casterbridge than the venerable one visible in the street. The old-fashioned fronts of these houses, which had older than old-fashioned backs, rose sheer from the pavement, into which the bow-windows protruded like bastions, necessitating a pleasing *chassez-déchassez* movement to the time-pressed pedestrian at every few yards. He was bound also to evolve other Terpsichorean figures in respect of door-steps, scrapers, cellar hatches, church buttresses, and the overhanging angles of walls which, originally unobtrusive, had become bow-legged and knock-kneed.

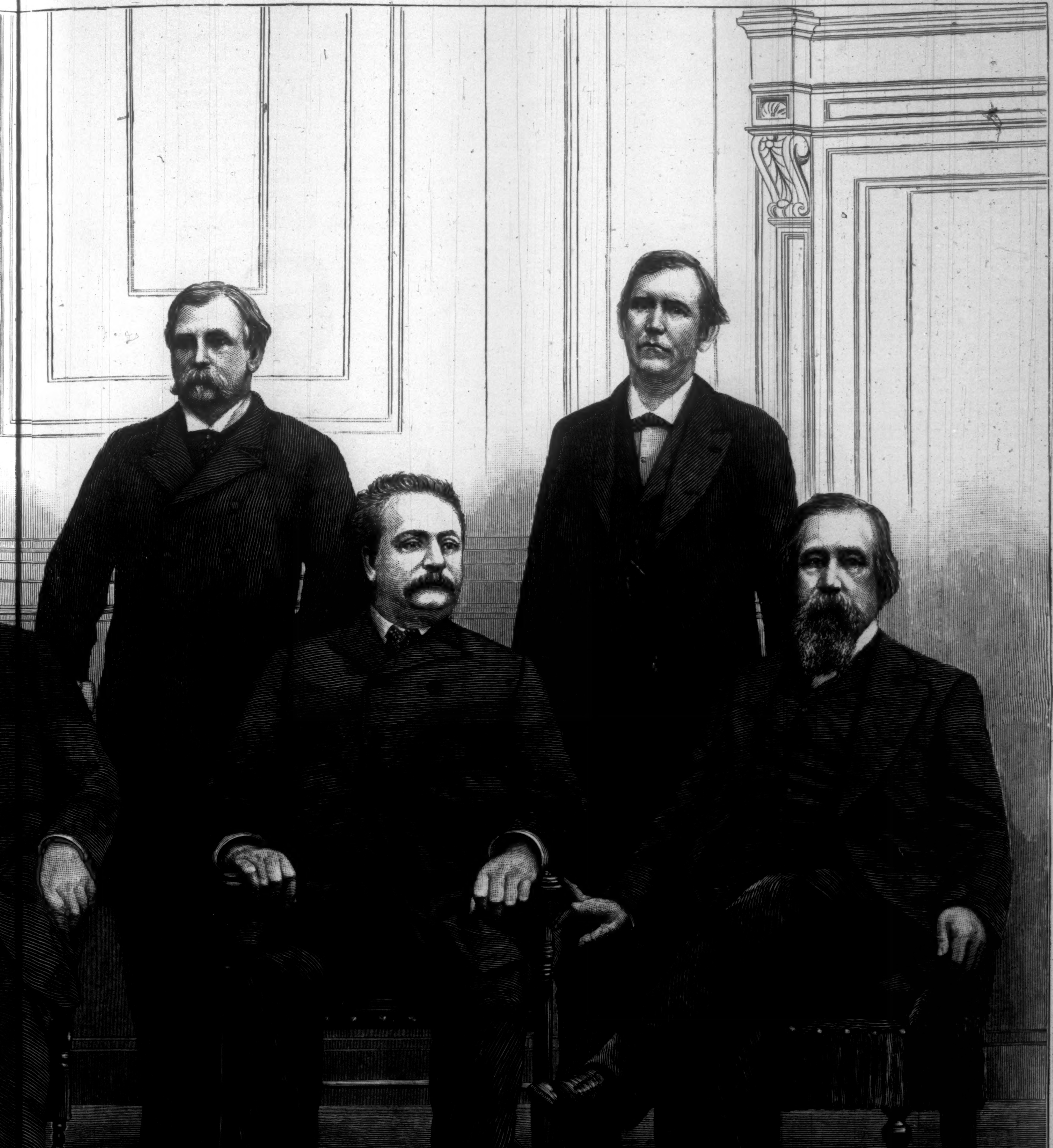
In addition to these fixed obstacles which spoke so cheerfully of individual unrestraint as to boundaries, movables occupied the path and roadway to a perplexing extent. First the vans of the carriers in and out of Casterbridge, who hailed from Mellstock, Weatherbury, Hintock-Abbas, Stickleford, Overcombe, and many other villages round. Their owners were numerous enough to be regarded as a tribe, and had almost individuality enough to be regarded as a race. Their vans had just arrived, and were drawn up on each side of the street in close file, so as to form at places a wall between the pavement and the roadway. Next every shop pitched out half its contents of agricultural plant bodily upon trestles and boxes

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1515.



WILLIAM F. VILAS, Postmaster-General. THOMAS F. BAYARD, Secretary of State. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Secretary of the Navy. THE PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET.—Photographed by Georg



WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT, Secretary of War.
DANIEL MANNING, Secretary of the Treasury.
A. H. GARLAND, Attorney-General.
L. Q. C. LAMAR, Secretary of the Interior.

...ege Prince, Washington, D. C.—[See Article, "The Administration's Work," on Page 58.]

on the curb, extending the display each week a little further and further into the roadway, until there remained but a tortuous defile for carriages down the centre of the street, which afforded fine opportunities for exercising skill with the reins. Over the pavement on the sunny side of the way hung humorous shop blinds, so constructed as to give the passenger's hat a smart buffet off his head as from unseen hands, reviving recollections of the mysterious blows of Lord Cranstoun's goblin page and other memories of romantic lore.

Horses for sale were tied in rows, their fore-legs on the pavement, their hind-legs in the streets in which position they occasionally nipped little boys by the shoulder who were passing by to school. And any inviting recess in front of a house that had been modestly kept back from the general line was utilized by pig-dealers as a pen for their stock.

The yeomen, farmers, dairymen, and towns-folk who stood transacting business in these dear old streets, spoke in other ways than by articulation. Not to hear the words of your interlocutor in metropolitan centres is to know nothing of his meaning. Here the face, the arms, the hat, the stick, the body throughout, spoke equally with the tongue. To express satisfaction, the Casterbridge man added to his utterance a broadening of the cheeks, a crevicing of the eyes, a throwing back of the shoulders, which was intelligible from the other end of the street. If he wondered, though all Henchard's carts and wagons were rattling past him, you knew it from perceiving the inside of his crimson mouth, and a target-like circle of the white of his eyes. Deliberation caused sundry attacks on the moss of adjoining walls with the end of his stick, a change of his hat from the horizontal to the less so; a sense of tediousness announced itself in a lowering of the person, by spreading the knees, and forming the lozenge-shaped aperture characteristic of lazy tongs. Chicanery, subterfuge, had hardly a place in the streets of this honest borough, to all appearance, and it was said that even the lawyers in the Court-house hard by occasionally threw in strong arguments for the other side out of pure generosity (though apparently by mischance) when advancing their own.

Thus Casterbridge was in most respects but the pole, focus, or nerve-knot of the surrounding country life; differing from the many manufacturing towns, which are as foreign bodies set down, like bowlders on a plain, in a green world with which they have nothing in common. Casterbridge lived by agriculture at one remove further from the fountain-head than the adjoining villagers—no more. The towns-folk understood every fluctuation in the rustic's condition, for it affected their receipts as much as the laborer's; they entered into the troubles and joys which moved the aristocratic families ten miles round—for the same reason. And even at the dinner parties of the professional families the subjects of discussion were corn, cattle disease, sowing and reaping, fencing and planting; while politics were viewed by them less from their own stand-point of burgesses with rights and privileges than from the stand-point of their country neighbors.

All the venerable contrivances and confusions which delighted the eye by their quaintness, and in a measure reasonableness, in this rare old market-town were metropolitan novelties to the unpracticed eyes of Elizabeth Jane, fresh from netting fish-seines in a sea-side cottage. Very little inquiry was necessary to guide her footsteps. Henchard's house was one of the best, fronted with murrey-colored old brick, with chimneys of the same that showed arched recesses in their sides. The front door was open, and as in other houses she could see through the passage to the end of the garden—nearly a quarter of a mile off.

Mr. Henchard was not in the house, but in the store-yard. She was conducted into the mossy garden, and through a side door in the wall, which was studded with rusty nails speaking of generations of fruit trees that had been trained there. The door opened upon the yard, and here she was left to find him as she could. It was a place flanked by hay barns, into which tons of fodder, all in trusses, were being packed from the wagons she had seen pass the inn that morning. On other sides of the yard were wooden granaries on stone staddles, to which access was given by short Flemish ladders, and a tall storehouse several stories high. Wherever the doors of these places were open, a closely packed throng of bursting wheat sacks could be seen standing, with the air of waiting for a famine that would not come.

She wandered about this place, uncomfortably conscious of the impending interview, till she was quite weary of searching; she ventured to inquire of a boy in what quarter of the labyrinth Mr. Henchard could be found. He directed her to an office which she had not seen before, and knocking at the door, she was answered by a cry of "Come in."

Elizabeth turned the handle; and there stood before her, bending over some sample bags on a table, not the corn-merchant, but the young Scotchman, Mr. Farfrae, in the act of pouring some grains of wheat from one hand to the other. His hat hung on a peg behind him, and the roses of his carpet-bag glowed from the corner of the room.

Having toned her feelings to meet Mr. Henchard, and him alone, she was for the moment confounded by this apparition in place of him. She had come to say definite words, held in suspense on the tip of her tongue, and being confronted by the wrong auditor, she could say nothing at all.

"Yes, what is it?" said the Scotchman, like a man who permanently ruled there.

She said she wanted to see Mr. Henchard.

"Ah, yes; will ye wait a minute? He's engaged just now," said the young man, smiling, for he now recognized her as the young girl at the inn. He handed her a chair, bade her sit down, and turned to his sample bags again. While Elizabeth Jane sits waiting in great surprise at the young man's presence, we may briefly explain how he came there.

When the two new acquaintances had passed out of sight that morning toward the Bath and Bristol road they went on silently, except for a few commonplaces, till they had gone down an avenue on the town walls called the New Walk, leading to an angle where the North and West escarpments met. From this high corner of the square earth-works a vast extent of country could be seen. A foot-path ran steeply down the green slope, conducting from the shady promenade on the walls to a road at the bottom of the scarp. It was by this path the Scotchman had to descend.

"Well, here's success to ye," said Henchard, holding out his right hand and leaning with his left upon the wicket which protected the descent. In the act there was the *gaucherie* of one whose wishes are defeated. "I shall often think of this time, and of how you came at the very moment to throw a light upon my difficulty."

Still holding the young man's hand, he paused, and then added, deliberately: "Now I am not the man to let a cause be lost for want of a word. And before ye are gone forever I'll speak. Once more, will ye stay? There it is, flat and plain. You can see that it isn't all selfishness that makes me press 'ee; for my business is not quite so scientific as to require an intellect entirely out of the common. Others would do for the place without doubt. Some selfishness, perhaps, there is; but there is more; it isn't vor me to repeat what. Come, bide with me, and name your own terms. I'll agree to 'em willingly and 'ithout a word of gainsaying!"

The young man's hand remained steady in Henchard's for a moment or two. He looked over the fertile country that stretched beneath them, then backward along the shaded walk reaching to the top of the town. His face flushed.

"I didn't expect such as this—I did not!" he said. "Surely there's destiny in it. Should a man turrun against fate? No; I'll not go to America; I'll stay and be your man."

His hand, which had lain lifeless in Henchard's, returned the latter's grasp.

"Done," said Henchard.

"Done," said Donald Farfrae.

The face of Mr. Henchard beamed forth a satisfaction that was almost fierce in its strength. "Now you are my friend," he exclaimed. "Come back to my house; let's clinch it at once by clear terms, so as to be comfortable in our minds." Farfrae caught up his bag, and retraced the Northwest Avenue in Henchard's company as he had come. Henchard was all confidence now.

"I am the most distant fellow in the world when I don't care for a man," he said. "But when a man takes my fancy he takes it strong. Now I am sure you can eat another breakfast. You couldn't have eaten much so early even if they had anything at that place to gie thee, which they hadn't; so come to my house and we will have a solid, stanch tuck-in, and settle terms in black and white if you like, though my word's my bond. I can always make a good meal in the morning. I've got a splendid cold pigeon pie going just now. You can have some home-brew if you want to, you know."

"It is too early in the morning for that," said Farfrae, with a smile.

"Well, of course I didn't know. I don't drink it because of my oath; but I am obliged to brew for my work-people."

Thus talking, they returned, and entered Henchard's premises by the back way or traffic entrance. Here the matter was settled over the breakfast, at which Henchard heaped the young Scotchman's plate to a prodigal fullness. He would not rest satisfied till Farfrae had written for his luggage from Bristol, and dispatched the letter to the post-office. When it was done, this man of strong impulses declared that his new friend should take up his abode in his house—at least till some suitable lodgings could be found.

He then took Farfrae round, and showed him the place, and the stores of grain, and other stock; and finally entered the offices where the younger of them had already been discovered by Elizabeth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House of Representatives—so the theory and the tradition are—is that branch of the national legislature wherein the members, elected by the direct vote of the people, freely discuss whatever subjects the people desire it to discuss, and pass such laws as the public necessity requires. When a man is elected to Congress, then, whose constituents desire the enactment of a certain law—the suspension of silver coinage, or the abolition of the duty on cotton ties, for examples—nothing seems easier than for such a member to introduce a bill for this purpose, to explain the reasons why it should be passed, to have it passed if a majority be of his opinion, and to go home to receive the congratulations of his constituents, and to be returned to the next Congress. Fifty years ago, when the House was not larger than a debating society at a college, this was not mere theory. But if there be one task more difficult than all others, and yet sometimes possible of achievement, it is the task of passing a bill.

The House now contains 325 members, every one of whom has an indefinite number of bills, and every one of whom has at least one great speech to deliver; and not one-tenth of them ever deliver their speeches, and hardly one-twentieth of them ever secure the passage of their favorite bills. If a member sets out to abolish the duty on cotton ties, he can on a specified day, when his State is called in the roll of States, offer his bill, without the privilege even of reading more than the title of it; and it is referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. So are a hundred others that bear on the general subject of raising revenue. Along with the hundred others it is filed away by the clerk of the committee. The committee goes to work on the preparation of a general bill to modify the customs duties. Day after day, week after week, and month after month the long schedules of duties are discussed item by item, until at last the item of cotton ties is reached. The gentleman's bill is read, hastily rejected or approved by the committee, and the rejection or the approval of it is incorporated in the general tariff bill which near the end of the session is reported to the House, put upon the calendar, and at last comes up for discussion. There are a thousand items to be discussed in the Committee of the Whole, and speeches are limited perhaps to five minutes. Indeed, all the real speech-making is done by two members—the chairman of the committee, who approves the bill, and another member, who is the spokesman for the minority of the committee, and opposes it. When at last the subject of cotton ties is reached, the gentleman, whose bill has long ago been forgotten by everybody but himself, has the privilege of speaking five minutes on the subject—a privilege he would have if he had never introduced a bill.

Chairmen of important committees are the only members of the House who have any appreciable individual influence in shaping legislation. Other members can have speeches that they prepare printed in the *Congressional Record* for their constituents to read; but except as each member adds one vote to his party's strength in the House, he does little more than add one name to the other 324 on the roll. On the Democratic side of the House the two men who now have the foremost positions are Mr. MORRISON, of Illinois, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and Mr. RANDALL, of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. Mr. TUCKER, of Virginia, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and Mr. BELMONT, of New York, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, are among the other prominent members, and by reason of the present importance of the subject, Mr. BLAND, of Missouri, chairman of the Committee on Coinage.

The "leader" of the Republican side, as the minority nominee for the Speakership is called, is Mr. REED, of Maine. The "father of the House," and the chief spokesman of the minority of the Committee of Ways and Means, is Mr. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania. Mr. KELLEY began his Congressional career, which has suffered no interruption, in 1861, and he is the most persistent and distinguished, as Mr. MCKINLEY, of Ohio, is perhaps the most eloquent, defender of the doctrine of protection in the House. Mr. RANDALL, who represents a Democratic district in Philadelphia that adjoins Mr. KELLEY's Republican district, entered Congress two years later than his distinguished neighbor, and has also had a continuous term of service. He has had the honor, too, of three elections to the Speakership. Mr. MORRISON, the Democratic leader of the tariff reformers, was first elected one term later than Mr. RANDALL, and he has not been a member of all the succeeding sessions. He has won his prominence by persistent work, not by brilliancy or eloquence.

The "third officer of the government," according to the usual authority, is Mr. Speaker CARLISLE, of Kentucky, as diligent, painstaking, and well-equipped a Speaker as ever occupied the chair. In truth he is not the third, but the first, officer of the government, having really larger influence over legislation than the President himself, by his power of composing the committees of the House.

Our government has, in fact, become, to a much greater extent than its founders anticipated, or than the public perhaps is aware, a government by Congressional committees. In the House of Representatives there are but two forces at work instead of 325—the forces simply of the caucuses of the two political parties. The party of the majority elects the Speaker, and the Speaker appoints the committees. The nominee of the party of the minority for the Speakership becomes the leader of the opposition, and the leading members of the chief committees, not more than a dozen men in all, exert very nearly all the individual influence that is exerted. The other members hardly do more than make up the strength of the parties. When, therefore, one of these is spoken of simply as a member of Congress, the essential fact is omitted. He should be called a Democratic or a Republican member of Congress.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The London *Lancet* is of opinion that men of opposite politics hate one another far more heartily than is warranted by the importance of the questions between them, and that "mental disturbance set up by political excitement may be a specific disease." It seems frequently to be the case, in matters other than politics, that great animosities are caused by questions that philosophers consider of small moment. What more earnest division of the human mind, backed by what intenser evidences of passion, could there be than that provoked by a close base-ball game or a portentous rubber at whist? It is a frequent occurrence for billiard-players to fly at each other, and the German aphorism, "who borrows from a friend acquires easily an enemy," might justly be changed to declare that "to make an enemy of a friend it is necessary only to play billiards with him." For the display of its deeper emotions human nature often seems to require, indeed, not a cause, but merely a pretext.

A paper recently read before a London society gave a number of mortuary statistics, in the course of which it was shown that the average age reached by persons of the richer classes of England and Wales was fifty-five years, whereas among the general population it was forty-one years, and among the artisan classes of Lambeth only twenty-nine and a half years. Which goes to show that, within bounds, and contrary to the general teaching, death is a respecter of persons.

Oysters are reported from Mob Jack Bay, Virginia, of which eleven will fill a quart measure. Ten of the large ones weighed sixteen and a half pounds in the shell, and the largest was eight and a half inches long.

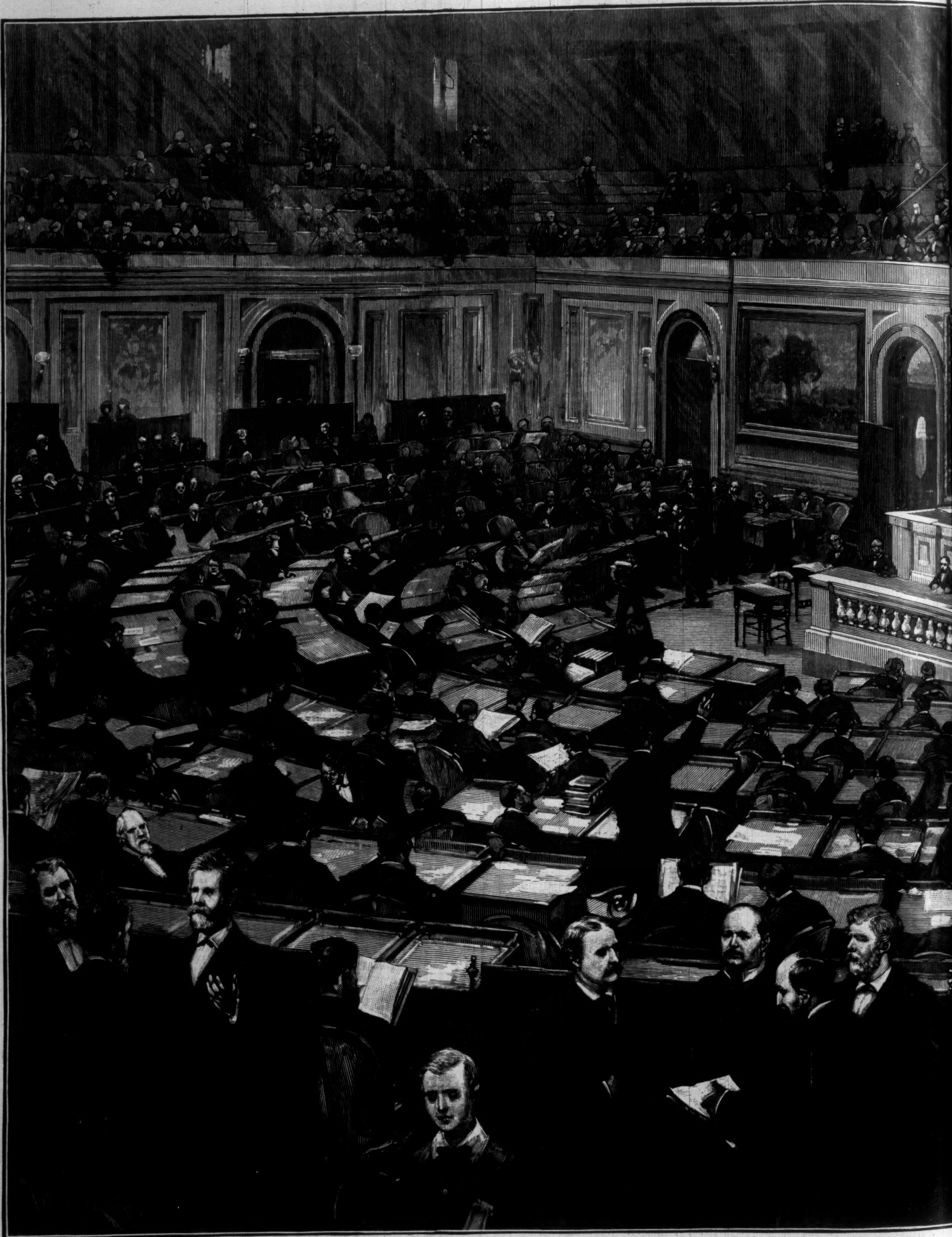
A Pomeranian farmer, who was very fond of a hash made of herrings and potatoes, in planting a lot of the vegetable placed a herring in each hill, hoping the best from the result. He was no more successful in one way than the man who used the wood of an apple-tree for smoking hams in the hope that they would taste like pork and apple-sauce; but the herrings proved to be an admirable fertilizer.

Newspaper reports of fashionable doings in Washington fill the mind with pictures of such extraordinary, not to say superhuman, magnificence that it is natural to suppose they should fluster people a good deal who contemplate exposing themselves to the social fulminations of the capital for the first time. There are people, however, whose nerves are not at all shaken by the prospect of splendors of this character, and whom it is a pleasure to hear about. A correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* says: "A leading Senator gave a large reception last winter, and invited all the Congressmen of his own State. All were asked to bring their families. One, who states in the Congressional Directory that he lives and was raised upon a farm, came at seven o'clock in the evening with his wife and the three young girls of his family. These girls ranged from seven to seventeen years in age. They had long straight hair, wore high-necked dresses, and ribbons about their waists, and both the Congressman's wife and the girls expected to remain in the room with their bonnets on. The Senator's wife, who was a very kind-hearted lady, was dressed at this time, although it was two hours before any one might be expected. She tried to persuade the woman to remove her bonnet, but was told that her hair was not combed, and she believed that she would keep it on. Finally, however, the Senator's wife told her she would look very odd with her bonnet on while all the rest were in full dress, and persuaded the countrywoman to allow her toilet to be remade by the hands of the Senator's wife's maid. The children also took off their hats, but they were the only children present. They stood around during the evening, being made as much at home as was possible by their hostess."

The peasant of the south of France seems to live about as frugally as anybody. It has been computed that he spends for food for a family of five an average of four cents a day. For breakfast he has bread with a preparation of salt fish, which he smears upon it; for dinner, stockfish or a vegetable soup and salad, and for supper, lentils, beans, or other vegetables. In the season, raw tomatoes and dry bread frequently make a meal. Coffee and macaroni are too expensive for more than infrequent use, but there are always onions and garlic. Water is his drink, with a little very thin wine once in a while. Rabbit he has occasionally as a flavor in a vegetable stew, but that is a luxury. Beef or mutton he tastes hardly once a month. He dresses poorly, and hardly looks as if the world treated him well. But his self-denial is not for nothing. He has a bank account, and in the matter of hard money is well enough off.

"DON'T YOU FORGET IT."

To Ex-Brigadier-General F. H. Winston, our Minister to Persia.



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—DRAW

...N BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 55.]

THE ADMINISTRATION'S WORK.

Ten months ago the representatives of a party that had for twenty-four years been unable to exercise directly any power in the executive branch of the government began to do the nation's work and execute its laws. The President had had no experience in Congress or in any other legislative body. He was not familiar with the work of the national executive departments, and he was a stranger in Washington. Moreover, there were in his cabinet only three men who had that acquaintance with national affairs which is gained by long service in the national legislature and long residence at the capital. But Mr. Cleveland had rare executive ability, developed by service in executive offices which he had filled in the State of New York. He was industrious, and was endowed with common-sense, good health, and a strong constitution. He was well equipped for the work that lay before him. Those who review the history of those ten months can not fail to be impressed by the fact that a great deal of hard work has been done by the men whose portraits we publish on another page. They will also mark the prominence of the President as the directing force in all important department affairs as well as in the work of filling offices. It is a hard-working administration because the President is a hard-working man, and because there is an enormous amount of work to be done when one party takes the government from another that has held it for almost a quarter of a century. It was the new administration's task to become thoroughly familiar with the operations of the executive departments; to introduce reforms without delay where abuses had taken root and grown under the protection afforded by a long and uninterrupted lease of power; to keep its promises concerning the civil service, and still to make such changes as fairness and a due regard for the public interest demanded, at the same time retaining the support of the political organization which it represented; to do the nation's routine work well and economically; and to effectively use the resources of statesmanship in the treatment of important questions. All this was to be done under scrutiny closer than that to which any preceding administration had been subjected, and in the face of the sharpest criticism from its displaced opponents, and from disappointed rascals in both parties.

Every member of the cabinet has devoted much time to office-seekers and to the appeals of their friends, but the greater part of this burden has been borne by the President himself. It is with this part of the new administration's work that the people are most familiar, and it is work that has probably consumed three-fourths of the President's working hours. Still his acts and his Message prove that he has found time to gain a remarkable acquaintance with the condition of affairs in all departments of the government. Until November 1 applicants for office and their friends besieged him from morning to night, but on that date "the public welfare and a due regard for the claims of those whose interests in the government are entirely disconnected with office-holding" forced him to shut and bar the door against them. Not until this had been done could he begin to prepare the Message in which he has so emphatically condemned the spoils system, that "upon every change of administration inspires an immense army of claimants for office to lay siege to the patronage of the government, engrossing the time of public officers with their importunities, spreading abroad the contagion of their disappointment, and filling the air with the tumult of their discontent." He has sturdily refused to yield to the politicians who demand a "clean sweep" of Federal office-holders, and he has declined to become the agent of patronage brokers. Careful observers at Washington report that at last accounts less than one-fourth of the prominent offices called Presidential, and not reached by the civil service law, had been filled by Democrats, and that less than one-fifth of the occupants of the 50,000 small post-offices had been disturbed. This must be regarded as evidence of the President's moderation by all fair-minded persons who remember that for more than twenty years all of these offices have been held by Republicans.

But the careful examination of innumerable appeals and complaints, the study of arguments for and against the retention of such officers as Mr. Pearson and Mr. Graves, the desire to retain the good-will of politicians of high or low degree who demand a speedy distribution of all the spoils, and the thousand and one labors attending the support of a merit system and the enforcement of a high and advanced civil service policy, have greatly increased the weight of work which the President must carry. In some cases men unfit to hold office have been appointed. It may be noted that with regard to a majority of these men the President was misled and deceived by politicians of his party, and that the office-holders most notoriously unworthy have been supported by spoilsmen and the enemies of the merit system. Some of these officers, and others whose records were good, have attempted to exhibit their contempt for the President's civil service policy or to evade the civil service law, and in most cases have promptly been restrained. General Black, Mr. Switzler, Mr. Eugene Higgins, and Mr. Chenowith are among those who have learned that a watchful eye is upon them. Men whose admission to the service was gained by deception have in most cases been allowed to remain, but have been placed under surveillance. That the President has been shamefully treated by men who ought to deserve his confidence was shown by the indignation expressed in his famous letter to the Democrat who admitted that he had asked that a man "not qualified morally or professionally" should be made judge of a Federal court. "This is not the first time," he wrote, "I have been deceived and misled by lying and treacherous representations." There are indications that in some cases a cabinet officer may have allowed his regard for old friends and alliances to obscure the public interest. Unbiassed critics must admit that it has been the President's desire and intention in making appointments to faithfully serve the people. The very exceptions noted prove the rule. It is plain that he has diligently and conscientiously tried to do his whole duty in this respect. There are men in office whom he would not have chosen if he had known the record of their lives, and he may have decided that they should not be removed on the ground that their dismissal would, by causing his own influence and power to be weakened, work more injury to the cause of good government than their retention in places where they can do no harm.

While the members of the cabinet and their chief, in consultation around the cabinet table in the White House, may act in concert, so to speak, upon many questions, each department has almost countless questions of its own to be settled by its head. Owing to the nature of his duties, the Secretary of State is in intimate communication with the President. The department is something more than a bureau of international correspondence. In the first months of the new administration's term the commercial treaties with Spain and San Domingo negotiated by the late Secretary Frelinghuysen were withdrawn, and the elaborate plan of which they were a part was rejected. The President and his Secretary also withdrew the Nicaragua Canal treaty on account of its embarrassing provisions, and decided to favor the absolute neutrality of all interoceanic transportation enterprises. The record of the State Department's work includes also the disapproval of the action taken by our representatives in the Congo Conference, the rescue of Santos in Ecuador and Van Bokkelen in Hayti, by an effective defense of their rights as American citizens, and a consideration of the questions raised by the attacks on the Chinese and the revolution on the Isthmus. Some of these matters required the attention of other members of the cabinet, for the Attorney-General must furnish the law, and it was the Navy Department that preserved order on the line of the Panama Railroad.

Not the least of the fruits of diplomacy was the negotiation of a new convention with Venezuela for the final settlement of claims whose history has furnished a foundation for scandal. The Attorney-General has found time to recommend a radical change in the manner of paying the district attorneys and marshals, who, with other executive officers attached to the Federal courts, are subordinates of the Department of Justice, and to propose a plan for relieving the overburdened Supreme Court. But his opinions, prepared for the information and guidance of his associates, have attracted more attention than the transactions of his department. The most important of these opinions was that relating to the *Dolphin* and the contract under which she was built. The Secretary of War has won the dislike of some influential persons in Washington society, and the commendation of all who were weary of favoritism in the army, by sending to their regiments officers who had been away from them for four years. The Indians have kept our little army busy since the early days of spring, and even now the Apaches who went on the war-path in May are defying their pursuers. The prompt settlement of the dispute in the Indian Territory was due, doubtless, to the President's selection of General Sheridan himself to make the inquiry. His report, the Attorney-General's opinion, and the President's proclamation mark the overthrow of the Indian lease system and the defeat of the trespassing cattle barons, and point to one of the most prominent acts of the administration.

The President has issued several proclamations to insure the observance of Indian treaties, or in behalf of the honest settler as against those who have stolen public land. In one of these, published about forty days after his inauguration, he closed the Crow Creek Reservation, which his predecessor had opened, and declared President Arthur's order null and void. He had already undertaken to restrain the issue of land patents to the Backbone Railroad in Louisiana, ordered by his predecessor to be delivered. All these acts were in the wide domain of the Interior Department, where there was great need of reform. Disputes with the Indians, due to bad administration of Indian affairs in the past, or to the encroachments of whites upon their lands, have been fairly adjusted with a firm and skillful hand. The Indian has been protected, and his rights have been preserved. The department proposes to secure more complete reports from the subsidized railroads. The character of the judges appointed by the President in Utah and Idaho, and his public utterances, have convinced the Mormons that they can expect no favors from him or his assistants. In the Land-office the new Commissioner has undertaken to prevent the fraudulent acquisition of public lands, and to reclaim stolen lands from those who hold them: the abuse of scoundrels is his reward. The new Commissioner of Agriculture discovered that under his predecessor the bureau's money had been squandered upon worthless seeds. The First Comptroller, whose decisions—notably that in which many of the expenditures of the *Alabama* Claims Court were disallowed—have attracted much attention, has undertaken to recover a part of the money from ex-Commissioner Loring.

The President's Secretary of the Treasury has found no time for idleness. Many of the most important of the President's appointments have been made in this department. The discovery of numerous successful attempts to evade the tariff laws by undervaluation and in other ways has led to a careful inquiry relating to the collection of duties, and the experience of ten months has caused the Secretary to expose the evils of existing tariff laws in vigorous language. The President's strong opposition to the continued coinage of silver is a prominent feature of his policy, and the Secretary's report contains ample evidence that this subject has been exhaustively considered in the department.

The new Secretary of the Navy came into a department that had suffered greatly in reputation by reason of charges affecting his predecessors, and of the apparent wasting of many millions of money by some of them. At the very beginning of his term he was called upon to accept for the government the new dispatch-boat *Dolphin*, the van-guard of our new navy, then recently completed by Mr. Roach. His refusal to take her, the additional trials, the Attorney-General's opinion, the assignment of the builder, and the transfer of the three cruisers to the government for completion, are steps in the history of the case with which all are familiar. The department is now engaged in preparing plans for additional vessels. The Secretary has found time to study the faulty organization of the department, and to elaborate a plan for remodelling it.

The officers of the Post-office Department have been engaged in routine work for the most part, but the chief and his First Assistant, whose duty it is to attend to all business relating to appointments for the 50,000 offices below the rank of "Presidential," have found very little leisure. The First Assistant has filled several thousand offices, but if he should find places for a thousand Democrats every day, he would not more than satisfy the spoilsmen. For refusing to distribute the sum of $400,000 appropriated for subsidizing American steam-ships under the cover of additional mail pay, the Postmaster-General has been attacked by the steam-ship owners, and the controversy about this matter has been the most prominent feature of the department's history for ten months. The course taken by Mr. Vilas was fully approved by the President, who supported it in a clear statement of the case that appeared in his Message. The President and the members of his official family seem to live in harmony, and to work with the same general purpose—to give the country a good government.

DANIEL S. LAMONT.

An account of "the administration" would be very incomplete without notice of the President's Private Secretary, of whom most persons who call at the White House on business see much more than they do of the President himself. Daniel Scott Lamont, the Private Secretary to President Cleveland, was born at Cortlandville, Cortland County, New York, February 9, 1851. Daniel Lamont and Andrew Scott, his paternal and maternal grandfathers, came from Scotland. From the public schools he advanced to the McGrawville Academy, and then to Union College. He left college in his third year, without being graduated. Inclination and conviction led him to the Democratic party, and his first Convention experience was as a representative of that party. In 1870, 1871, and 1875 he was a Deputy-Clerk of the Assembly at Albany, and visitors to the head-quarters of the State Committee, at the Everett House, in 1875, can recall the slight, quiet, self-possessed, and invariably courteous young man who knew everybody and everything, and who had mastered the difficulty of meeting and answering the most tedious bores without sending them away angry, or much wiser for the information he courteously but briefly imparted to them. When, in 1876, Mr. John Bigelow assumed the office of Secretary of State, Mr. Lamont was appointed Chief Clerk of the State Department. The business of the office was conducted by him in the orderly and thorough manner that has characterized all of his work as a public man, and he left a far better system of managing its affairs than he found on entering the office. On January 1, 1878, he entered the field of journalism as the reporter of the Albany *Argus* in the Assembly. Later on he became a stockholder in the *Argus* corporation, and for a time was managing editor of the paper, in which capacity he served as a member of the Executive Committee of the New York Associated Press. Becoming clerk of the Democratic State Committee in 1875, his intimate knowledge of the politicians and political aims of the party in the State, together with a remarkable capacity for dispatching business without fuss, confusion, or fatigue, led to his employment in that capacity for all except two years from the time of his first association with the Committee up to the time of Mr. Cleveland's election as Governor in 1882. He had never met Mr. Cleveland up to the time when, in the winter of 1882, he was requested to visit the Governor-elect at Buffalo. In the Governor-elect's lodgings, "over a hardware store," an intimacy began which has since ripened into a friendship as firm as that which existed between Damon and Pythias.

When the ex-Sheriff and ex-Mayor went to Albany to be inaugurated, he made Mr. Lamont his Military Secretary, and afterward his Private Secretary, and he has since been familiarly known by the honorary designation of "Colonel." As Private Secretary in the Governor's office he was the almost inseparable companion of the Governor, who repeatedly acknowledged the valuable services of his willingly industrious and faithful assistant. The duties of the Private Secretary demand more than mere punctuality and readiness, however; and Governor Cleveland came to the conclusion, before his term of office at Albany had expired, and when he was preparing to occupy a higher office, that the young man who had been so efficient as his Private Secretary in helping him to unravel the mysteries of legislative acts and the concealed purposes of ambitious and greedy legislators must be retained to discharge the confidential duties of Private Secretary to the President. Mr. Cleveland was so positive upon this point that he declared on one occasion, when it was intimated that Mr. Lamont would not be able to accompany him to Washington, "Well, Dan, if you don't go, I won't go, and that's all there is about it." "Dan" came. He established a new order of things in the Executive offices at the White House. Superfluous clerks were dropped, and those retained were required to perform their duties. The Private Secretary and the President have been examples of industry to every subordinate. Mr. Lamont joins the President when the thousands of government clerks are hurrying to their desks at nine in the morning. He is with him for an hour, disposing of the morning mail. The rest of the day is given up mainly to the reception of business visitors, who can communicate their affairs through Mr. Lamont, or secure, by his powerful intervention, the favor of a special interview with the President himself. Late in the afternoon they ride out together. Their relations are to-day precisely what they were when the two were poring over the work on the desk of the Executive office at Albany. They have not yet quite accustomed themselves to political changes and promotion, for among intimate friends the President is as likely to speak of his Private Secretary as "Dan," and the Secretary to refer to "the Governor," as either is to speak more formally and accurately. The Secretary's work is not done at night, for he spends the hours until twelve, or even until one or two in the morning, at the desk of the President, assisting him in clearing up a vast amount of business which can not be disposed of during the hours given up to the never-ending throng of callers.

AN ELDERLY EPISODE.

By MRS. W. J. HAYS.

There certainly is an advantage in being old—not so old as to be infirm, but just past the exaltations and aspirations of youth; to be conscious that much which is striven for is not worth the striving, and that the comforts of life are really of more value than the honors. These reflections are due to a very close glance at my mirror; there was something annoying my eye, a speck of dust, and in dislodging it the lines and furrows which Time had made struck me more forcibly than usual. No one could be more comfortably situated than I: abundant means, a well-ordered house, an occupation that never overtaxes me, choice friends, leisure, refined tastes, and the ability to gratify them. Could any reasonable being ask more? And yet there are times when I am dissatisfied. I can hardly define to myself the meaning of the vague unrest which seizes me. I have tried to suppose it due to dyspepsia, but my health is perfect. I am too wise to complain. My friends would simply amuse themselves at my expense; therefore I say nothing, and take up a new study which absorbs me for a time, and drives off the gloom which I do not wish to be apparent. Perhaps a little review of my quiet life may offer some clew to the difficulty.

When a boy I was not particularly fortunate. My parents died in early life, and left me to the care of three spinster aunts. They were very peculiar, and while I acknowledged their kindness, they did not win my affection. I left them gladly, and went to a neighboring city to earn my living as soon as I had an opportunity. This was hard work, for I had not been well prepared for the sharp, keen struggle which calls for so much resolution, energy, and self-reliance. I was timid and cautious where I should have been bold and adventurous. Socially I was very well launched, for my aunts had good connections; but it took some time for the awkward rustic I was to gain polish and ease of manner. But I was not lacking in ambition, and after a while my efforts were rewarded. With the superficial advancement which was really so important, giving as it did self-assurance on my own part and confidence from others, came also progress in my business relations. From office-boy to clerk, from clerk to junior partner, were the successive steps of my promotion.

Meanwhile I lived in a boarding-house. In the summer I usually paid my aunts a visit, finding them each year more faded, more hopeless, more discontented. Their interests were so narrow, their minds so warped, and their exclusion from the healthful vitalities we all need so complete, that they were withering sadly and surely, and I could not help them. But I tried to. I wrote to them, I sent them books and papers, only to find, on my annual visit, the leaves uncut, and to receive for my letters the stiffest, most formal of replies when any answer was vouchsafed.

In the house where I was living there was the usual proportion of ancient females with little to do and plenty of time, if not money, to spend; but they were not like my aunts: they were keenly alive to the demands of fashion; they read the newspapers eagerly; they discussed the sensational preachers and the last ball. I often found myself much amused by their remarks. One of them—a Mrs. Jourdan—was a bright-eyed little widow with a handsome daughter, of whom she was very proud and very careful. I did not wonder at her maternal interest: Miss Jourdan was worthy of it. She had beauty and talent, but she had also what is more rare, a strong will. I had occasion to test it once or twice.

I do not suppose that people see the best sides of each other's characters in boarding-houses. There is an allowed selfishness in the life. Each is on the lookout for what is best for himself, and there is really no regard for the general interest on the part of any one. I can honestly

say that I strove to overcome this tendency. With no one for whom I especially cared, I grew to look for pleasing qualities in those about me. I learned their little likes and dislikes, and adapted myself to them as far as was compatible with my self-respect.

Perhaps it was this that induced people to confide in me. Certainly I became the listener to more than one life history, and was frequently consulted on matters of no moment to myself. Mrs. Jourdan had soon told me that she was the widow of a distinguished man—a naturalist—and that she was educating her daughter with a view to making her musical talent available in a pecuniary way. This, of course, increased my respect for both mother and daughter, but the latter seemed to regard her mother's confidence as a mistake. After a while I discovered that her pride was hurt by it, and that the choice of her vocation was not voluntary.

"Do you think," she said one day, in a most unwontedly frank burst of feeling, "that I would willingly choose to be what is called independent, but what is really slavery—slavish concession to the whims and caprices of employers? No, indeed; no such independence for me, thank you!"

"May I ask, then," I answered, "how you would prefer to achieve success in life?"

She blushed, and shrank mimosa-like back into her usual reserve.

"I have no very ardent desire for success," she replied, indifferently, and sat down to the piano, where I was glad to watch her lithe fingers and listen to her fine interpretation of Chopin. She was very fair to look upon. Her eyes were blue, her color rich, her figure pliant and graceful. She played with a firmness of touch which was almost masculine, but with a delicacy of expression equally feminine. I knew she liked my way of listening to her music, for I never spoke, and seldom asked for anything more than she chose to give, and the music became a bond between us. Of course the Jourdans had their own parlor, but there was a tacit understanding that I could enter whenever Miss Grace was at the piano, and I was in the habit of placing a few fresh flowers on the music stand nearly every day. Mrs. Jourdan with her fancy-work was a fixture. It is not necessary to relate the small particulars of the growth of my attachment for Grace Jourdan.

My love for her became intense. I can not analyze it. I don't believe half the people in the world know why they prefer one to another. She was all in all to me, but I watched vainly to discover her valuation of myself. It was here that her strong will was on guard. She had not meant that I should ever know, nor would I have known just how I stood in her regard but for an accident. She was not of the gushing, confiding order, but I flattered myself that she liked to talk to me, and that she said things to me she would not have said to others, but with no *empressement*, no coquetry, not even with the rise and fall of color I would have liked.

Mrs. Jourdan's health was not good; she had a hacking cough, which distressed her daughter, whose contempt for physicians was openly expressed. "They all say the same things and advise the same impossibilities. Europe is their last suggestion—as if we had the purse of Fortunatus." After a while she said, in a low voice, which the music helped to make a whisper, "I am going to consult a clairvoyant."

"Oh no!" was my surprised response.

"Yes, I am. It may be foolish, absurd, unreasonable, but I shall do it."

I remonstrated, argued, advised, to no purpose; and then, seeing I could not influence her, begged that if she did go, I might accompany her. To this she gave but doubtful assent. She was not afraid; what harm could possibly come to her? I made no reply, but quietly insisted upon the privilege of going as a personal favor. It is needless to say that my contempt for clairvoyants was extreme.

It was a chilly afternoon in the autumn when, muffled in a blue veil, Miss Jourdan ascended the steps of a dingy little suburban house, where lived the famous Mrs. Gill, known for her remarkable cures and wonderful detective ability. I had chaffed my companion all the way, she responding nonchalantly, and as if my opinion were of little weight; but as we neared the shabby abode of the seer, she had suddenly turned upon me an earnest look and exacted a promise of secrecy not only as to our errand, but also as to any information about ourselves in the presence of the clairvoyant. I had acceded, suggesting that if names were called for, we might give imaginary ones, such as Mr. and Miss Thompson; but this she scorned as a subterfuge beneath her.

Our ring at a bell, which vibrated feebly, was responded to by a smart young girl with frizzly locks partly in curl-papers, who said her "ma was in and would be happy to see us." Switching a broom out of our way, she led us through a narrow entry to the parlor—a stuffy room furnished in black hair-cloth, with wax flowers under huge glass covers on the ends of the mantelpiece, and a monumental stove as the central ornament of the room, which was further adorned with cheap prints and daguerreotypes. A few vials and an electric battery were the only professional indications, unless a group of stuffed birds, with cards stuck in their bills bearing Mrs. Gill's name, address, and occupation could be so considered. Before we had time to investigate farther, a small, lean, wiry, sallow-faced woman entered, and bent a piercing gaze from two beady black eyes upon us. Accompanying her was a tall, solemn-looking creature in cap and spectacles, who was to make the "passes," as Mrs. Gill soon informed us.

"You'd hardly believe it to look at her, but she's chock-full of electricity," said Mrs. Gill, eying with admiration her companion, who only coughed apologetically, and said:

"Come, come, Sarah, I only play second fiddle, you know. You're the wonder of the age, the really most remarkably endowed medium it has ever been my experience to meet. Is this your first visit, Miss—Mr.— Ahem! I don't think I heard the name. A newly married couple, perhaps?"

"Now, Jane," said Mrs. Gill, playfully, "that's my part of the programme. This lady and gentleman don't wish their names to be known, and it is not at all necessary they should. I know very well what is to be done; so you just get me asleep as soon as possible, and let me proceed to business. I'm ready." So saying, the little woman sank back in a cushioned chair, and after another piercing, searching glance at both of us, shut her eyes and became as motionless as marble.

The tall woman in spectacles now made many steady, swift, downward strokes in the air near her companion's face, and in a few moments Mrs. Gill was apparently in a sound slumber, differing only from a natural sleep in its greater tension of the muscles; the eyelids did not quiver, the breathing was soft and measured, but there seemed no relaxation. The tall woman now ceased making the "passes," and bade Miss Jourdan take the sleeping woman's hand and ask whatever she wished of her.

My friend approached as she was told to do, and no sooner had she taken Mrs. Gill's little brown fingers in her own snowy palm than the sleeping woman quivered as if with cold, and began to talk in a low, measured, far-off sort of way, as if she were striving to penetrate something hidden and indistinct.

"It is not necessary for you to ask me anything, my dear. I can see it all after a while. It is coming, clearer and clearer. You are distressed in more ways than one—the health of one, your promise to another. Yes, there are two—three. The last is here with you. He is sure enough, safe enough. You needn't worry about him. The other one is vexed, jealous, impatient. He has written that letter which you are tearing into bits. Be still; don't tremble so. I know that is not the worst. Even as you destroyed that paper, *her* cough made you turn pale. You were standing by the piano. She said something which made you weep bitterly. She put her hand to her side; the pain was severe. She is suffering now. I feel it here," and the clairvoyant placed her other hand upon her chest. "Will she recover? Ah, how do I know? Already the flame flickers in the wind. A little gust would soon blow it out; yes, a mere breath. What shall you do for her? Take her away to where the orange blossoms, where summer reigns. *He* will do it for you—not this one: the other's gold can buy health. You shudder again. He loves you as well as he can. No one can do more than that; but he is not like this one; he will not wait, and wait, and wait. Ah! what is this? It is blood, warm, red—a stream of it." And with a gasp and a shudder the woman awoke.

Miss Jourdan had not flinched through all this rhapsody; her color had changed, but she had remained standing. She looked at the clairvoyant curiously and carefully. The little woman wakened as a child might do from a bad dream, and began sobbing hysterically, entirely indifferent to our presence. The tall, spectacled woman brought a wine-glass of water, into which she poured some drops of ammonia, and gave it to her. Then she turned to us, saying:

"She woke too suddenly; she was frightened at something. It was not your fault, but you should have asked her to prescribe. This is probably the medicine you want for that sick person—a purely vegetable compound, warranted to cure any cough: only a dollar a bottle. And next time you come, bring a lock of hair; it will be easier for *her*."

"Come," said Miss Jourdan to me. "I have had quite enough of this." And then she drew out her purse, but the little thin, sallow-faced woman almost pushed her away, saying, "It was a failure; I couldn't do any good—nobody can."

Miss Jourdan grew very pale, and the tall woman interposed. "That's her way," she whispered, "when she is frightened. I'll settle it all. Five dollars. Yes, that's right; and take the bottle too, and please call again. Always happy to see you. Good-day—good-day." So saying, she bowed us out of the room.

"Horrible!" was Miss Jourdan's only exclamation as we breathed the frosty air of the darkening day.

"Yes," I answered; "these charlatans know a trick or two. But you must not allow yourself to be disturbed."

"I can not help it," she said, softly, "it was all so true."

I turned instantly and looked at her, but she would not meet my gaze. "Let us hasten," were all the words she uttered, and her agitation was so great I could not urge an explanation. Our walk was hurried, but it was late when we reached home, and my companion trembled violently as we neared the house. Opening the door with my latch-key, she preceded me, going to her own parlor, and thanking me for my escort. But ere the door was closed I heard her scream, and rushing to her, I found her beside the prostrate form of her mother, from whose mouth was issuing a small, thin streak of the vital fluid which the clairvoyant woman had also seen.

Even at that horrid moment my heart grew hot within me, as Grace fell into my arms, with just the one word—my name—on her lips. I saw that her mother was not dead, and that she had fainted. Calling assistance quickly, I soon had a physician. Mrs. Jourdan's hemorrhage was alarming, but not necessarily fatal. Grace soon rallied, and a nurse was procured, and then came my trial. Day after day went by without my seeing her. Mrs. Jourdan was very weak, could see no one, not even when able to sit up. Miss Grace would not leave her mother for a moment. Should I write? Would she tell me what she meant by those words, "It was all so true"? What was true? I would not allow myself to believe anything. She had been frightened by that wretched clairvoyant. I would demand an interview; she should explain what I wished to know, and I would tell her how truly, how entirely, I loved her.

It was just a fortnight from the day we visited the famous Mrs. Gill. I came home late, longing for a sight of Grace, for the sound of her lovely music. After I had bathed and dressed I went to Mrs. Jourdan's parlor, knocking gently at the half-opened door. No one answered, and I stepped in. The room had a disarranged appearance; the piano was closed—locked. A few faded flowers—ones I had sent—were in the vases; there were books and papers scattered about. Some one entered; it was the landlady, who, seeing my discomfiture, vouchsafed an explanation.

"Yes, I thought you would be surprised; we all were. You see, Mrs. Jourdan was too weak to bear excitement, so it was all done as quietly as possible. Their friend came this morning, and he and Miss Grace were married at once. Just here they stood, with one or two of us as witnesses, and Mrs. Jourdan not able to stand, and no cake, nor wine, nor flowers. The trunks were all packed last night, and I let them have my best girl for their maid. It was over so quickly you wouldn't have had time to congratulate 'em, for in a jiffy they were in the coach and off, trunks and maid and all, and a nice lunch I had ready for them all wasted; and I don't know which was the whitest, Miss Grace or Mrs. Jourdan. They've gone to Florida, but I wouldn't wonder if Mrs. Jourdan never reached it. Mr.—Mr. Armstrong is said to be very rich, and a fine man; a Californian, I guess. But here; I have forgotten all about this note Miss Grace left. She said you were always so kind, and she thanked you so much. Why! where can that note be? Oh, here it is, under this book!"

I seized the small epistle and went to my own apartment, where I tore it open.

"Forget and forgive" and "G. J." was all that slip contained.

A few days after, Mrs. Jourdan's death was in the newspapers. My aunts soon followed, one after another within a few weeks. To my surprise, they left me a handsome fortune, hoarded in old nooks and corners, in stockings and cracked tea-pots. No one suspected that they had even enough for their own wants.

Of all my studies none has so baffled me as mesmerism. In vain have I striven to solve its enigma. That it is an unknown and uncertain power of the mind I am willing to grant, but that science can make it available for any useful purpose I do not believe. I am more than ever convinced that it acts injuriously both upon those who are in possession of its force, and the ones who allow themselves to be guided by its assertions—in fact, I have learned to regard it as a disease, and to confirm myself in this opinion I stopped recently at the little house made memorable by Mrs. Gill's revelations, and asked for some information of her. I was ushered into the same stuffy room which twenty years had only made dingier and darker, but which was now a flourishing paper-flower factory, kept by a trim and bright-eyed little French woman, who answered my questions politely. She had heard of the famous Mrs. Gill—oh, yes; she had bought her house of Mrs. Gill's daughter and a very tall woman, who succeeded Mrs. Gill in the medicine business. There was her card—"Mrs. Juniper Jones, M.D., Clairvoyant, etc., etc."—but Mrs. Gill was dead—oh, these many years! Perhaps I had better see Mrs. Jones. All this was rattled volubly out as she sorted artificial roses and forget-me-nots with her quick deft fingers. I wandered on in an idle mood toward the street and number on the card given me, thinking how my friend Dr. Morse would laugh when I reported this freak of mine. Mrs. Juniper Jones, M.D., was evidently doing a flourishing business. Her house had an imposing sign, and there was a carriage before the door—something between a coupé and a traveling van—such as venders of mineral waters use. I was ushered into a large room made dark by heavy curtains. There was an odor of drugs that sickened me. A number of pale-faced people were waiting their turn to be prescribed for. As soon as the tall, spectacled, and portly Mrs. Jones entered, I rose and made known my errand, suggesting that I would not trespass on her or her patients' time.

She scanned me with a scrutinizing glance, and replied that there was to be a *séance* in a little while—most remarkable manifestations; wonderful power of penetration into futurity; communications from the spirit world, etc. Would I not wait? I could hardly conceal my disgust, and only acquiesced because she assured me that she could tell me nothing unless I remained.

It is needless to say that the affair was the most arrant fraud and humbug, most palpably absurd and revolting. When it was all over, Mrs. Jones described to me the manner of Mrs. Gill's death in tremulous and affected accents of woe. From the account I gathered the information I expected. The poor little woman suffered horribly with nervous disorders, and said that all the money in the world would not tempt her to live her life over again. She had maintained a worthless, idle husband and scapegrace children by her clairvoyant efforts, and was glad when death released her. This was not told in plain English, but is nevertheless the gist of what was said with much circumlocution.

How Morse laughed at me when I told him this! How he jeered at my theories, and scorned to have any argument at all about "such confounded nonsense as mesmerism"! Then he roundly rated me for giving any money to charlatans and quacks when there was so much suffering in the world which a little help would relieve.

"Only to-day," said he, "I came across a poor widow who supports herself by giving music lessons. She had fallen on the ice and broken her arm. It will be weeks before she is well, and months before she can really use the limb, and her young daughter must leave school, where she is teaching, to take care of her. They have nothing to maintain them meanwhile."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Armstrong. She was a Miss Jourdan, of New Jersey. Her father was a distinguished naturalist. But she seems to have no friends in the city. She has lived a long while in California."

Morse, with all his quickness, did not detect the effect of his words upon me, for I turned toward the window and said: "It's snowing again. Where does Mrs. Armstrong live?"

"So I have aroused your interest. Good! Well, here's the address. But don't do anything rash, old boy. I know your philanthropic bent, but it's delicate work to offer charity when it is not asked."

"I used to know people of that name."

"Oh, if they are friends, all right; go ahead. Curious coincidence, though. Well, I must be off. Good-by."

How glad I was to be rid of him, and ponder over this news, and plan some way of finding out if this impoverished widow was really Grace Jourdan! It was not an easy matter, and to assist my cogitations I put on my coat and went for a walk. Naturally my steps took the direction Morse had given me.

The twilight was rapidly advancing, and the snow was whirling in drifts, but I was not cold. It is wonderful how quickly the past can become the present. It seemed to me that my steps had all the elasticity of youth, and that I was hastening home to the dreary old boarding-house to hear Chopin played by that one whose touch was able also to thrill my heart-strings. A dusty old lute that same heart of mine had become in these long, long years, but how it throbbed as I stood before a small bay-window where the curtains had not been drawn, and where the fire-light within enabled me to see two figures in strong relief! One was wrapped in a shawl, and reclining in a high-backed rocking-chair; the other was crouched beside the flickering fire, striving to make it burn. How pure and delicate the profile of that young face, made rosy by the fire-light! But it was unknown to me, and I turned eagerly to see what I could discover in the other. Could it be possible that this weary, worn, and elderly woman was the lost love of my youth? Alas! alas! I looked for some little trick of gesture, some trifling turn known only to myself, and looked in vain. And yet beneath the mask of sorrow gleamed the eyes which had dazzled me, the lips I had never kissed. It was Grace Jourdan's wraith.

Sorrowfully I turned away and went home. How luxurious and comfortable every appointment there! What a contrast to the mean little abode I had just seen! My fire-light glittered on silk and plush and velvet, on brass and bronze, marble and gold; theirs, on the bare make-shifts of poverty. I sat before the coals till long after my servants had locked the house, and the clock had chimed the small hours, and in those hours I conceived a plan, for the accomplishment of which I promised myself Dr. Morse's aid.

I have just returned from Canada. I am staying a few days with Dr. Morse. How much good change of air and scene can do! I am amused at the idea of ever having felt old. I could lift a fifty-pound dumb-bell as if it were a feather. I have just come from over the way—the house I used to live in. It is too small for me now. I am going to build a new one. I saw the architects to-day. What a charming duet Mrs. Armstrong and her daughter played for me while I was over the way, and how gracefully the mother thanked me for my kindness! Kindness indeed! it was kind in them to accept such a gift from a useless, idle old fellow. No, I take back the last adjective. I am not old; I am just twenty-one, and tomorrow will be my wedding day! Whom do I marry? Why, lovely little Grace Armstrong, to be sure, the daughter of my old friend, the sweetest, dearest, prettiest damsel who ever made a man wish he could live a thousand years to make her happy.

THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO'S NEW LINE.

The picture published in this issue of work in a railroad cut illustrates a section of the new and important line that is now being pushed toward this city by the energetic and progressive Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. For a great many years the Philadelphia and Wilmington road has enjoyed a very profitable monopoly of the railway travel between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the construction of this new line of the Baltimore and Ohio is rightly regarded as a matter of much public interest. The right of way through the city of Philadelphia was secured, not without great difficulty.

The new line crosses the Schuylkill River 1800 feet below Gray's Ferry bridge, passing directly through the old Harmar mansion grounds, where Thomas Jefferson resided when Secretary of State. Here is the beginning of a long cut, the greatest depth of which is thirty feet. The scene depicted is at Gray's Ferry, looking north, showing the tunnelling under Gray's Ferry road. In the extreme background is West Philadelphia.

After passing under Gray's Ferry road, the line of the new railway passes through the lower portion of the Arsenal and Naval Asylum grounds. Running under the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, it keeps close along the river, cutting through the grounds of the Ninth Ward and Callowhill Street gas-works. A tunnel begins at the south side of Callowhill Street, and is extended under Twenty-fifth Street to the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue.

EXCAVATING FOR THE NEW LINE OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 59.]

TRANSFERRING PASSENGERS FROM A SNOW-BOUND TRAIN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 62.]

THE END OF A WINTER PASSAGE.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 62.]

ICE-COVERED STEAMERS.

The view of an ice-enveloped ocean steamer nearing her wharf in this city, which is given in this issue, is by no means an uncommon one at this season of the year, neither is there any exaggeration in the picture. Several great steamships have come up through the floating ice in the bay and harbor within the past ten days so completely incrusted with frozen sea-water that the wonder has been how they could ever be thawed out again. One of the largest of the transatlantic steamers came into port shortly after sunrise one morning last week glistening from stem to stern like a ship of glass. The pilot of a ferry-boat which crossed the bow of this apparition described the ship's appearance by saying, "It looked for all the world as if a sliver had been split off from one of them 'ere Newfoundland icebergs, and was being brought into port under jury-mast and short rigging."

Save under bright sunlight, the appearance of these ice-covered steam-ships is not, however, altogether beautiful. The ice which is formed by the salt spray of the ocean usually has a yellowish and dingy appearance, and being more of the nature of slush than ice, catches and retains the soot from the steamer's smoke-stacks, giving the ship the aspect of a dirty and begrimed ocean tramp.

The hardships encountered by the sailors during such intensely cold weather as that of the past fortnight, when every spray of water thrown on board turns almost instantly into ice, can not well be overestimated. Staggering over decks which are as slippery as glass in spots, and covered with slush where they are not slippery, or clambering up ice-covered rigging, with the thermometer below zero and a gale of wind blowing aboard, can assuredly have but scant fascination for the hardiest mariner. The genial tourist returning from a year spent under Italian skies or amid the pleasures of European capitals is conscious, as with difficulty he balances himself and his coffee-cup in the warm saloon below-deck, that there is unusual activity overhead, and from time to time, as he pops out on deck for a draught of the bracing winter wind, he realizes in a mild degree that the steamer is having a most uncomfortable sort of a voyage. The nose of the mate shines like a binnacle above his frosted beard, and the benumbed seamen appear to be moving around on skates. Yellowish ice covers everything. The ropes and chains seem hopelessly frozen in, and the icy canvas crackles like so many sheets of tin. It is not, however, until the steamer reaches its dock in New York, and, well muffled up, he descends the gangway and turns for a final look at the gallant ship that has borne him across the Atlantic, that he quite realizes what they have all been through. The trim steam-ship, her shapely black hull shining like the panels of a Lord Mayor's coach, upon which he embarked at Queenstown, has disappeared, and he sees in her place a great ice-covered monster of the sea, which appears badly in need of a scrubbing and general overhauling.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE SOUTH.

Colonel Edmund Richardson, the great cotton merchant of New Orleans, and widely known as the richest man in the South, died of apoplexy in Jackson, Mississippi, at midnight on the 11th of January. His annual income was more than one million dollars, and this year he was the largest cotton planter in the world, having not less than 18,000 acres in cotton, which will probably produce 12,000 bales; he also planted a large tract in corn, oats, and millet, and his landed estate consisted of 50,000 acres under cultivation. Colonel Richardson was a native of Caswell County, North Carolina, and the son of a country merchant and planter. At the death of his father, which occurred when the lad was ten years old, he was compelled to assist his mother and her six other children in obtaining a livelihood. While a clerk in a store in Danville, Virginia, his salary was thirty dollars a year, every cent of which he saved, his mother aiding him by spinning and weaving his clothes at home. "I owe my great success," he said in later years, "to early lessons in economy received from my mother, and to the assistance of my partners in business." The war found Colonel Richardson in an extensive business in New Orleans, where his assets were about $900,000, most of which was lost. He owned 480 slaves, and when peace came was so badly off that he said he would gladly give up all he had to be free from debt. Twelve months afterward he had reorganized his business on a sound basis, and paid every dollar he owed. He sold his plantations, and with 500 bales of cotton, which he had managed to save, opened a commission house in New Orleans, forming a co-partnership with Mr. A. H. May, of that city, who has ever since been his business partner. His agents in New York during the latter years of his life have been Messrs. Latham, Alexander & Co.

The firm soon began to extend their operations by leasing the Mississippi Penitentiary and employing its prisoners on the plantations, also by purchasing and enlarging the cotton mill at Wesson, Mississippi. The success of this latter venture was finely demonstrated by the exhibit sent to the late Exposition in Atlanta, of which Colonel Richardson was a vice-president. He was also the president of the World's Cotton Centennial Exposition in New Orleans.

Colonel Richardson was of commanding personal appearance, being more than six feet in height and stout in proportion. His domestic life was of the most happy character. His wife was Miss Patton, of Huntsville, Alabama, a sister of ex-Governor Robert Patton, of that State, and he leaves five children—four sons and a daughter. Southerners often speak of this successful planter and public-spirited citizen as a representative man of the South. Such, in the best sense of the word, Colonel Richardson was, and his friends are proud to remember that his prosperity was proportionate to and depended upon that of his country.

A SNOWED-IN TRAIN.

Winters in the West are invariably of the "old-fashioned" variety. The new-fangled notion of green Christmases and May days in January in vogue hereabouts has not yet reached the wild West. There is just as much snow to the acre as there was in our grandfathers' days, and a good deal more blocking of travel, because there is considerably more travel now than there was then to block. The picture in this issue of a train halted by the pretty fingers of the snow will doubtless revive the experience of many travellers over the Union Pacific and other Western railroads. The passengers in this case, as we see, are faring very much better than snow-bound railroad travellers usually do. It is surely no great hardship to step from the disabled train into those great comfortable-looking sleighs, and be whisked away over the glistening plain to the town close by. Unfortunately there is not, as many travellers know, a town always close by, nor sleighs in which to escape to shelter. There are records of trains that have been snowed in many miles from any settlement for a period of ten days, and when the question as to how life was to be supported has become a very serious problem indeed. There is always to be found, however, the hero who, taking his life in his hand, starts boldly forth across the snowy waste in search of relief for his fellow-travellers, and always finds it. While the history of winter railroad travel in this country may not include any case of snow-bound passengers having been starved to death, there is a record of a train-load of men, women, and children having subsisted for nearly three days on oyster crackers, two barrels of which had providentially been shipped as express matter on the disabled train. This episode occurred near the summit of the Rocky Mountains in the month of March, and there was not a settlement nor so much as a hut within fifteen miles of the point at which the engine gave up its desperate struggle with the snow.

Year by year the danger of snow blockades on the lines of the transcontinental railroads is becoming less through the intelligent building of snow sheds. Experience has shown that the heaviest drifts occur year after year at the same spots, and strong sheds have been erected in such places. On one division of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad there is a succession of snow sheds, several of which are more than a mile in length. Wherever in crossing the mountains the road is forced through narrow gulleys or gorges there will be found the massive wooden sheds, but along the precipitous sides of the mountain snow sheds are seldom built, it being a comparatively easy matter to tumble the snow from the track into the ravines below.

TOBOGGANING NEAR NEW YORK.

The intensely cold weather of the last two weeks has given a decided impetus to the sport of tobogganing in this vicinity, and the assertion may be safely ventured that were there any guarantee of snow and freezing weather in decent quantities each year, New York would quickly see the formation of a great many toboggan clubs. The sensation of going down a very steep hill at a very high rate of speed, with nothing to speak of under you, is more delightfully exciting than any one who has never tried it can imagine. Unlike some other occupations in which it becomes fashionable to indulge, tobogganing stands squarely upon its own merits. It is "fun" of the most rollicking kind, and just at present it is fashionable fun. One of the best slides outside of Canada has just been opened at Orange, New Jersey, by the Essex County Toboggan Club, of which Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall is the president. Pictures of this slide are published in this number. A wooden trough four feet wide extends from the summit of one of the foot-hills of the Orange Mountains for a distance of 1004 feet into the valley below. Filled with closely packed snow, upon which water had been poured until the surface had become glare ice, this trough or chute presented, on the day of the opening of the club, a race-course that put all toboggans venturing upon it to a tremendously high rate of speed. Wooden sides about a foot in height kept the sledges from flying the track.

There has also been recently opened on the grounds of the Country Club, near Pelham, a double toboggan slide, which is proving very popular. Fashionable parties are made up by the members of the club, and an evening's coasting is followed by a hot supper at the club-house. This slide was built under the direction of Mr. James A. Waterbury, the president of the Country Club. There are two chutes extending in opposite directions from a central platform reached by a long flight of broad stairs. The length of each slide is about 400 feet. Another slide has been constructed at the village of Little Falls, New Jersey, which is not far distant from this city. As there is in that slide a fall of 21 feet in a distance of 42 feet, the sensation of tobogganing thereabouts must be much like that of falling out of a third-story window. Brooklyn has also been aroused to the merits of the sport, and what is called a toboggan slide has been arranged in Prospect Park. At present this is not a successful slide, but it can be converted into one at no great expense.

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(No. 429)

FOR FEBRUARY, 1886.

CONTENTS:

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The British Navy.
By Sir Edward Reed, late Chief of Construction in the British Admiralty. With Twenty-two Illustrations;

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By Olive Thorne Miller. Illustrated by J. C. Beard;

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"For Looly."
A Story. By Kate Upson Clark. Illustrated by A. B. Frost;

A Conflict Ended.
A Story. By Mary E. Wilkins;

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A Novel. By Constance Fenimore Woolson;

Indian Summer. Part VIII.
A Novel. By W. D. Howells;

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By Charles H. Ham;

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By William Dean Howells.
A Fairy Tale of Biography.—Souvenirs of a Diplomate.—Americanisms in some recent English Novels.—Two Remarkable Examples of Sincerity in Fiction.—Balzac's Realism.—Our Critics;

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Editor's Drawer.
Conducted by Charles Dudley Warner.
A Suggestive Correspondence.—The Colored Sexton.—The "Old Familiar Face."—The Christening: a Poem (E. T. Corbett).—A Dramatic Criticism.—Too Precise.—"Mexican Peter."—Kleptomania.—Misdirected Sympathy (Illustration).—Didn't have enough Target Practice.—Little Tommy's Army.

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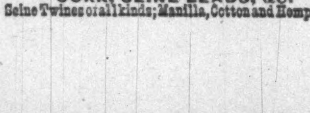

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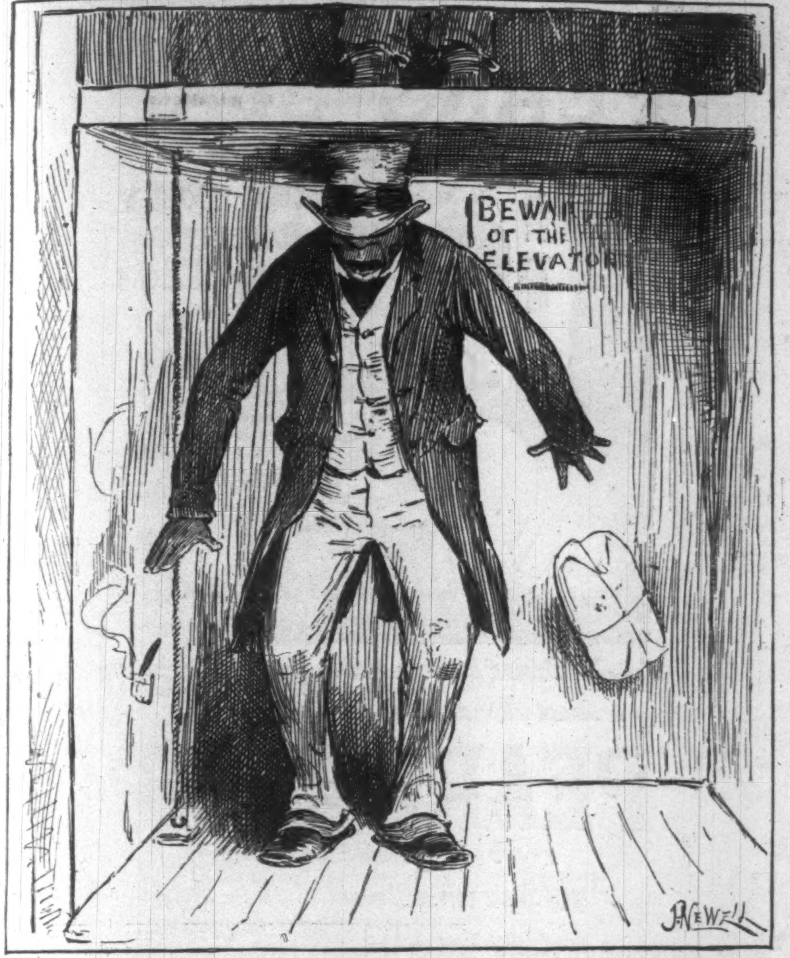

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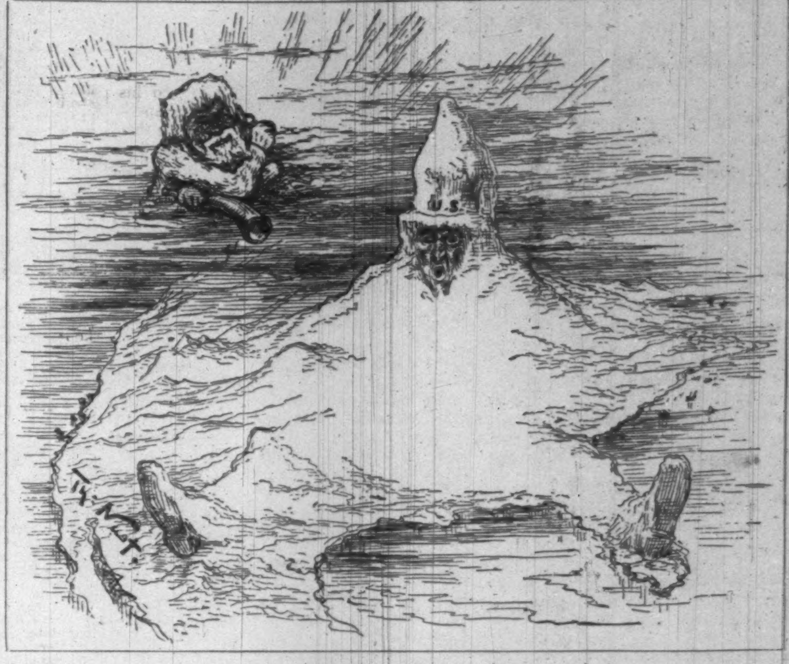

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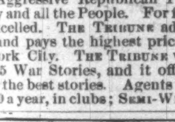

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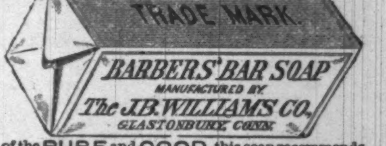

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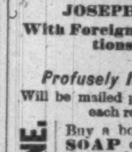

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